THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 1, 1926

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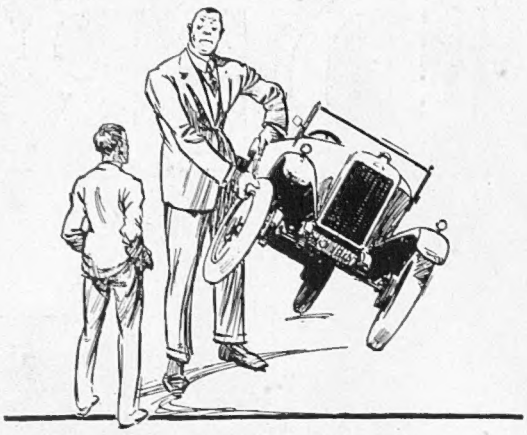

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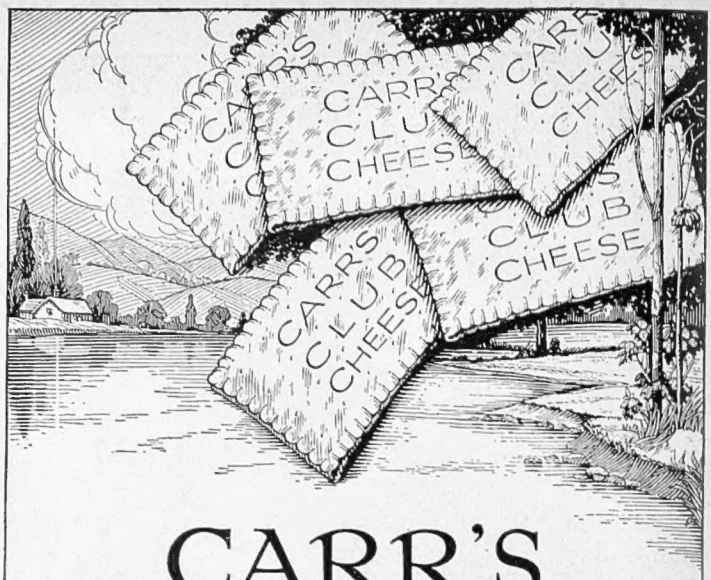

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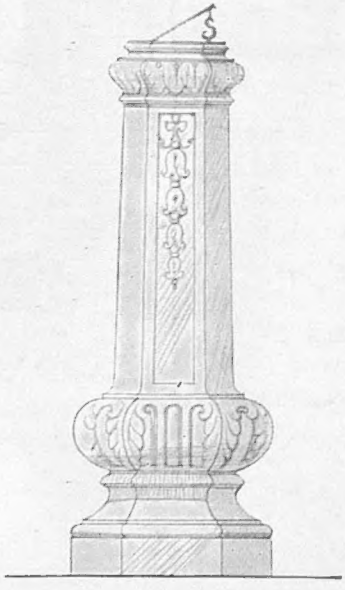

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A double-page picture in colour of the

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The Bystander, September 1, 1926 No. 1185. Vol. XCI

The BYSTANDER

F. A. Swains

THE HON. AVERILL FURNESS

The only daughter of Viscount Furness. She has one brother, the Hon. Christopher Furness, who is four years her junior

The Colour Scheme of Things

RHAPSODY IN BLUE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

America Gets Home

I FORGET how many Americans have returned home during the past week. I can only say that I ran into a few hundred thousand at Waterloo yesterday, and the Strand sounds less like Fifth Avenue than it has done during August.

Wise Men from the East

THESE wise men who will approach America from the East will have a lot to say when they reach their respective home towns. There will be tales told that will cause the hair of the stay-at homes to curl. Some of those home-towns will learn, for the first time, of the wave of resentment that has swept over Paris and the more subdued and dangerously polite criticism that has been encountered in London. If they do their duty, the Wise Men from the East will say things that will have some bearing on the politics of the immediate future.

Europe in a Week

THE American now departing has broken all records in the matter of speed. He has seen everything, and has seen it in the shortest possible time. Flying has helped to speed up his itinerary, and Europe is covered in a week without apparent discomfort:—

Pop went to Paris,
  Where he spent a happy day;
I went to Iceland,
  And the twins tried Lee Toukay.
Sadie sat in Switzerland
  Upon the highest peak—
And that is how we saw the sights
  Of Europe in a week.

American Stars

LONDON must seem very like New York to the American visitor on account of the many plays and players hailing from the big continent. It must be increasingly difficult to find something to see that has not been seen before. Boy, bring my ukelele:—

I saw Tallulah
  In her very latest play;
I saw Adele Astaire,
  Janie Cowl, and Edith Day.
If you want Americans,
  You haven't far to seek—
And that is how we saw the stars
  Of London in a week!

Romance in Business

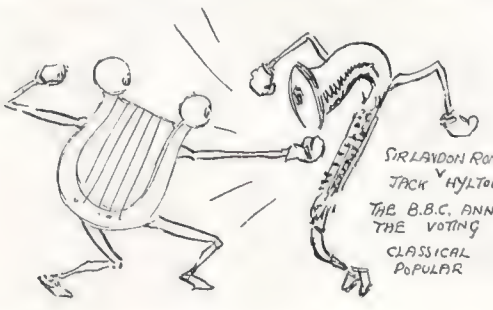
WHEN I first met Mr. W. H. Beable in days before the war I did not look upon him as a particularly romantic figure. Yet I must have been wrong, for in his new book, "Romance of Great Businesses," he has squeezed enough romance out of his subject to furnish half a dozen Ruritania plays. He tells how the fortunes of the house of Bass were built up on a shipwreck, and how the fame of "Skippers" owes much to a lawsuit that is still fresh in the minds of most of us. I always knew that there was a lot of romancing in business, but business is evidently much more romantic than I had imagined.

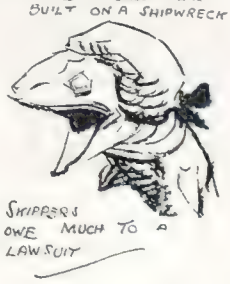
Hangings at Hurst Park

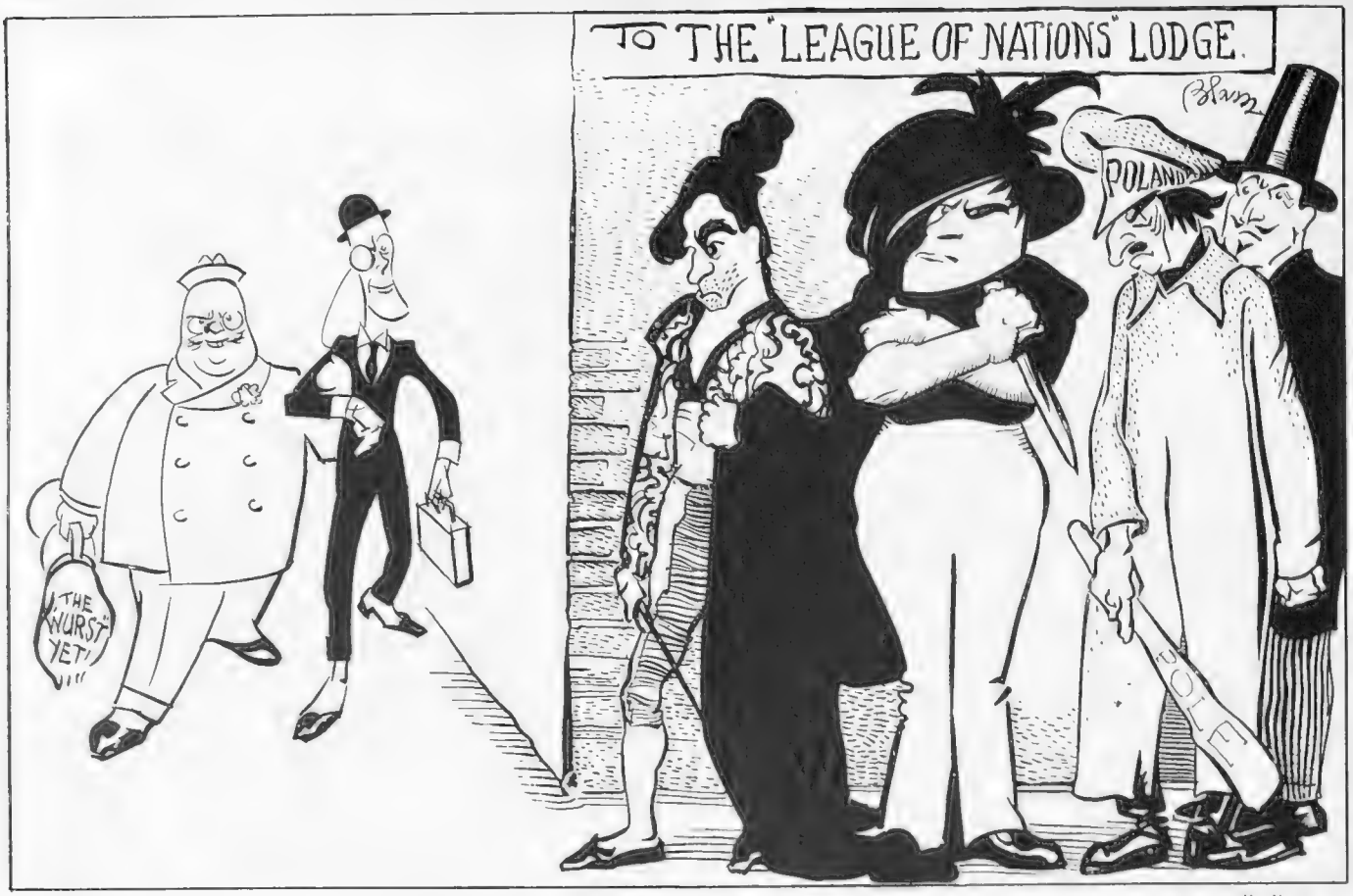
CHINA has been executing her bankers for speculating in exchanges, and we may expect the fashion to spread. When learned Counsel secures the acquittal of a dangerous criminal, I look to the Public Prosecutor to hang Counsel in his stead. There will be raised a gallows tree at Hurst Park in the interests of those jockeys who fail to put in that last ounce on nearing the winning-post, and if a critic slates a play that subsequently runs for a thousand-and-one nights, then *his* number will also be up.

Satirical Verse

THE publication of a book of "English Verse Satire" sets me speculating on the most biting bit of verse in the English language.







By Blam

AT GENEVA—"GENTLEMEN IN WAITING!"

Hilaire Belloc has knocked off many such telling trifles, and some of our younger men are very neat at the game. Perhaps some of my readers will send me examples of such virulent and venomous verse in order that we may arrive at a decision—to say nothing of the brightening of these pages on a subsequent occasion.

New Light on G.B.S.

They are holding a Shaw Festival Week in Vienna, and George Bernard himself is wandering somewhere in Europe, the last news I have of him being sent from Lake Maggiore. It is said of Shaw, by a local correspondent, that the further he gets from England the more British he becomes, so, you see, it isn't a case of any country but his own, so much as any country in which he doesn't happen to be living at the moment.

Beautiful Towns

A few weeks ago I asked readers to say which, in their opinion, was the most beautiful town in England. I received many replies, but one of the answers seems to have gone astray, a certain correspondent having preferred to "write to *The Times* about it." I don't complain, and I am interested to note that the *Observer* has launched a competition on the subject, a prize of three guineas being offered for a list of the six most beautiful towns. I hope that one of my faithful Bystanders, who needed no such monetary incentive, will have collared the cash.

King and President

I like this comment on British Royalty just published in the New York *World*:—"The King of England needs no Press agent, he does not come up for re-election, he never lacks for fame, he is born famous, and he can never lose his job; even if he ceases to rule he is still a King." The point of the quotation is the light it throws on the conditions obtaining in Washington.

Masters and Men

I was not at all surprised to hear that miners in the Midlands initiated the drift back to the pits in defiance of the Federation, for, to my personal knowledge, the best of good feeling has always obtained between masters and men in these areas. An earlier stoppage started to crumble in the same district, though the actual negotiations were conducted in the country of Sutcliffe—another proof of the fact that sport is one of the most beneficial influences known in the industrial world.

Fast and Furious

The fight between "classical" music, as championed by Sir Landon Ronald, and "popular" music, of which Jack Hylton is the admitted king, waxes fast and furious. The B.B.C. announced the voting to be:

Classical Music, 568.
Popular Music, 172.

Whereupon Mr. Hylton protested that he had personally received 545 letters favouring his line of goods, and called for a re-count. But what of the letters received by Sir Landon, by the Jockey Club, Athenæum Club, and the Thames Conservancy Board?

A Companion Poem

Rudyard Kipling has always left his women readers a little cold, for he makes no concessions to their little foibles and prejudices. He has sung the glories of the single man, and, as I have frequently told the world, the ladies have never forgiven him for suggesting that high hopes cool on a warm hearthstone. If I were Mr. Kipling and had an eye to my royalties, I would write a companion poem in which I would hymn the romantic virtues of the modern spinster, and suggest that marriage with a mere male prejudices her future and cramps her style generally. There might be more truth in the second poem than there was in the first.

How Prime Ministers "Hang Together"!

BY E. T. REED

JONATHAN: "Say, John; now is this sort o' thing re-garded as humorous or interesting on your side o' the water?"

BULL: "Not at all. It must have been intended to please *you*, I suppose. Frankly, it makes me sick!"

The Younger Generation

Angus Faith

LADY MARY GREY

A studio portrait of the elder daughter of Earl and Countess Grey. She is a granddaughter of the Earl of Selborne

IN THE HIGHLANDS *Topical*

The King inspecting a Guard of Honour, formed of the 2nd Black Watch, on his arrival at Ballater. He is accompanied by Major F. G. Chalmers, D.S.O., M.C.

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

At Balmoral

IT is nearly a century now since Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort first went to Balmoral, not as is generally believed because of the Queen's love of the Highlands, but on the advice of their doctor, Sir James Clark, who strongly recommended the Deeside air after the fatigues of State and the London Season. They both benefited so greatly by their first visit that it was repeated every year, and finally Queen Victoria bought the castle and estate.

As the years passed Queen Victoria came to have a special love for her Highland domain. Its bracing air suited her. So much so that gradually the autumn visits extended towards the end of October, to the increasing discomfort of the ladies- and gentlemen-in-waiting, and of the Cabinet Ministers, who in those days took a turn of duty there as Minister in attendance. The colder Deeside became the more Queen Victoria seemed to enjoy it, scorning fires and insisting on open windows.

During the Royal visit the Prime Minister of the day usually took one of the turns as Minister in attendance, and a most uncomfortable experience it was. The Castle is so small that it was possible for the Minister to have only a bedroom, in which he had to do all his writing and transact State business. By keeping his bedroom window closed he might be reasonably warm, but the rest of the house on a chilly day was a refrigerator. The late Lord Salisbury flatly refused to go to Balmoral when he was Prime Minister because he always caught cold there.

Miss Compton Collier

IN A HERTFORDSHIRE GARDEN

Lady Nall-Cain photographed with her son, Mr. Arthur Ronald Nall-Cain, in the grounds of Brocket Hall, at Hatfield. Sir Charles Nall-Cain, the first Baronet, was made High Sheriff for Hertfordshire last year

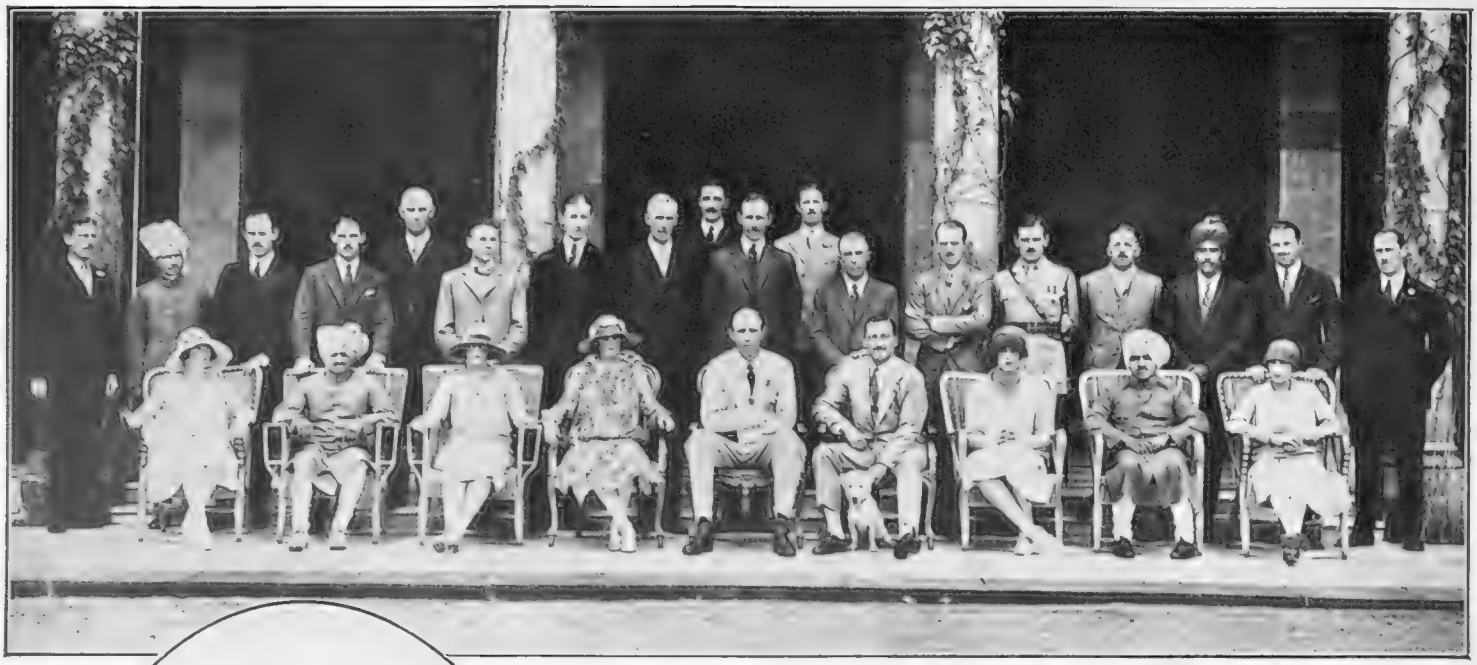
An Ideal Scottish Property

IMMENSE changes were made by King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Their late Majesties' first step was to sweep away all the curtains, carpets, and upholstery of the furniture, which were of Stuart tartan. This is all very well as a kilt, but when hung against windows and laid out flat on the floor is of a particularly aggressive ugliness. Further changes have been made by the King and Queen, with the result that to-day the interior of Balmoral, which used to be a byword for ugliness and discomfort, is one of the most charming and comfortable of any country house in the kingdom.

Queen Victoria always added to the property whenever the opportunity occurred, and to-day the estate runs for six miles along the Dee and back from the river into the mountains as far as Lochnagar. Within that space there are deer and grouse to be shot, salmon and trout to be fished, pine forests with miles of drives and walks, and a golf course—in short, an ideal Scottish property.

Housing the Household

BALMORAL received a considerable addition when Queen Victoria bought Birkhall from King Edward, whose private property it was, and where he and Queen Alexandra, as Prince and Princess of Wales, used to go every year. Abergeldie Castle, which is also counted in the



A GATHERING AT POONA *Topical*

An official group taken at Government House, Poona, in connection with the Viceregal visit. The photograph shows, seated: Mrs. Ker (left), The Chief of Sangli, Lady Worsley, Lady Irwin H.E. The Viceroy, H.E. The Governor, Lady Mary Herbert, The Chief of Palton and Mrs. Pert

Harris Agency

IN THE "STALLS"

Lady Cunliffe and Mr. Armstrong photographed during the Loeton Hound Trial. The meeting was held recently in fine weather

Royal domain, is rented on a long lease from the Gordons of Abergeldie. Birkhall used to be lent to the late Duchess of Albany, as was also Abergeldie Castle to King Edward and the present King when they were Princes of Wales.

There are several other houses on the property which are occupied every year by members of the King's suite and household, there being no room for them in the Castle itself. Lord Stamfordham, the King's private secretary, who celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday three months ago, after forty-six years in the Royal service, with his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Adeane, is at Craig-gowan, which is in the grounds of the Castle. The King's assistant private secretary, Captain the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, and Mrs. Hardinge are at Altanaguisach, also on the Balmoral domain, but high up on the hillside. The Master of the Household, Sir Derek Keppel, and Lady Keppel are at Abergeldie Mains, not far from Abergeldie Castle, which the King has lent for the third year in succession to the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury. The King's herd of Scottish cattle is kept at Abergeldie Mains. The Queen's private secretary, Mr. Harry Verney, and Lady Joan Verney are at Birkhall, which, after Abergeldie Castle, is the biggest house on the estate.

Work on a Holiday

ALTHOUGH the few weeks at Balmoral are the King's only real holiday in the year, besides the one week of yachting at Cowes, the claims of the public service have to be met every day. The telephone makes the personal presence of a Minister of the Crown no longer necessary, as in Queen Victoria's time, but the contents of the "boxes" which arrive daily, brought by messengers from London, occupy a considerable portion of each morning and evening. Apart from the many documents which have to be considered and signed, the King's telegraphist and telephonist are kept extremely busy during certain hours of the day.

Some Interesting Facts

THOSE tub-thumping gentry who cry aloud to all and sundry the blessings of Communism and Socialism at the Marble Arch and other places where the rights of free speech are carried to their ultimate

Central News

THE FUN OF THE FAIR

Princess Ingrid of Sweden at the coconut shy at the fête held in the grounds of Bagshot Park in aid of the Bagshot Nursing Home. The Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught and Princess Helena Victoria were also present

limit, will find an especially hard nut for their cracking in the national accounts for the year ended last March, which have just been published.

A favourite topic with some of these raucous-voiced setters-of-the-world-to-rights is the expense to the country of the monarchy and the Royal Family. I myself have heard them reel off the figures of the Civil List and the annual amounts given to members of the Royal Family with illuminating remarks as to the national benefit if these sums were not paid. But these agitators are careful to avoid any reference to the other side of the medal. Or, it may be, that they, in common with thousands of the King's faithful lieges, do not know the facts disclosed by our national accounts. If the tub-thumpers are ignorant it will come as an unpleasant shock—a cutting away of the ground beneath their feet, as it were—to discover that the monarchy and the Royal Family do not cost the country a penny. And further, that last year they actually added £374,000 to the national revenue.

Photopress

AT A SUSSEX HOUSE

Lady Demetriadi with two of her Dalmatians, which she breeds at her Sussex home, Streat Hill Farm, Falmer. The "plum pudding dog" is fast increasing its popularity

Sport & General

TOP OF THE LIST

Miss Rigden riding Mr. C. Rigden's Rising Sun, at the Agricultural Show at Brackley. She won the First Prize and Champion Cup for the best boy or girl rider

A Matter of Arithmetic

IT is all a very interesting matter of arithmetic. When a British Sovereign succeeds to the Throne he formally hands over the properties that have descended with the Crown, and are known as the Crown Lands, to the Government, with the exception of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall, the first of which is inherited by the Monarch, and the second by the Prince of Wales. When the Crown Lands were first handed over they produced comparatively little in meeting the Civil List, and the country therefore provided the major part of the incomes of the Sovereign and the members of the Royal Family. But in our time this has been changed. The Crown Lands now produce £1,391,300 a year. Of this £441,300 goes in management, rates, and all the other expenses laid upon property. Against the balance of £950,000 you have to set the amount of the Civil List. The first item on this is £470,000 a year to the King and Queen to meet all the expenses of State, the upkeep of palaces, expenses of the household, salaries, pensions, and endless other etceteras which account for £360,000 a year, leaving £110,000 for their Majesties' personal expenditure.

The second item is £106,000, made up of all the annual grants paid to other members of the Royal Family. Add the King's Civil List of £470,000 to £106,000 and you get £576,000. Having done this addition, turn to subtraction and take £576,000 from £950,000, the net profit from the Crown Lands, and lo! you have £374,000, which goes to the Exchequer!

A. Riddoch

UP NORTH

The chieftain's party at the Highland Gathering at Gordon Castle, Fochabers. The group includes Col. George (left), Dr. Taylor, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox, Mr. Alexander Gordon-Lennox and Mr. George Gordon-Lennox

After these figures, I ask you, my gentles, what can the Communists and Socialists possibly say? Our reigning house is the only one in the world which does not draw a penny from the pockets of its subjects.

Horatio Brown

IT is difficult to imagine Venice without Horatio Brown. For over forty years his house, Ca' Torresella, on the Zattere, with its water-gate on a narrow canal and its front door on the Campo degli Incurabili, almost facing the great church of the Redentore, on the Giudecca, has been the meeting place of all the most interesting English people visiting Venice. And with the interesting English folk you meet there, too, writers, poets, scholars, painters, of almost every country, and some of the cleverest and most charming women in Europe.

I have frequently noticed that Scottish people have a profound and instinctive sympathy towards Italy and the Italians. Horatio Brown and his mother were living examples of this sympathy. Mrs. Brown, or, rather, to give her her proper Scottish appellation, Mrs. Forbes Brown of Newhall, was Scottish of Scottish, the daughter of the last of the Glengarrys, as the Macdonnells of Glengarry were called. She lived to a great age, and to the last never lost the old-fashioned Scottish accent, although for over half a century she had not spent two months a year out of Italy.

Horatio Brown was born at Nice whilst it was still Italian, and except for his school days at Clifton and university days at New College, Oxford, Italy was always his home. His place Newhall, near Edinburgh, was always let. No Englishman has ever probed so deeply beneath the surface of Venetian life; probably no foreigner has ever understood the Venetian temperament as he understood it. Flashes and indications of this knowledge you get in Brown's "Life on the Lagoons" and other books on Venice, but the deeper understanding never came from his pen—you got that from his conversation. He was one of the few foreigners, too, who spoke the Venetian dialect.

Oddly enough, the obituary notices, whilst setting forth his books on Venice, his admirable biography of his friend John Addington Symonds, and other work, make no mention of a task of years. This was his translation of the despatches of the Venetian Ambassadors at the English Court to the Most Serene Republic during the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I. They were all published in the State Calendars, and are a valuable contribution to the history of those times. He plodded through the old manuscripts every morning for years.

THE HON. JOYCE MONTAGU AND MISS HELEN FERGUSON

MRS. GODFREE (left) AND MRS. MACLEOD

MISS L. SLOANE-STANLEY

Photographs *Alfieri*

MR. J. GENTRY AND MISS G. D. BRAIN

THE BATTLE OF SOUTHAMPTON
Some warriors who participated in last week's struggles on the lawn tennis courts at Southampton during the annual tournament

A Curious History

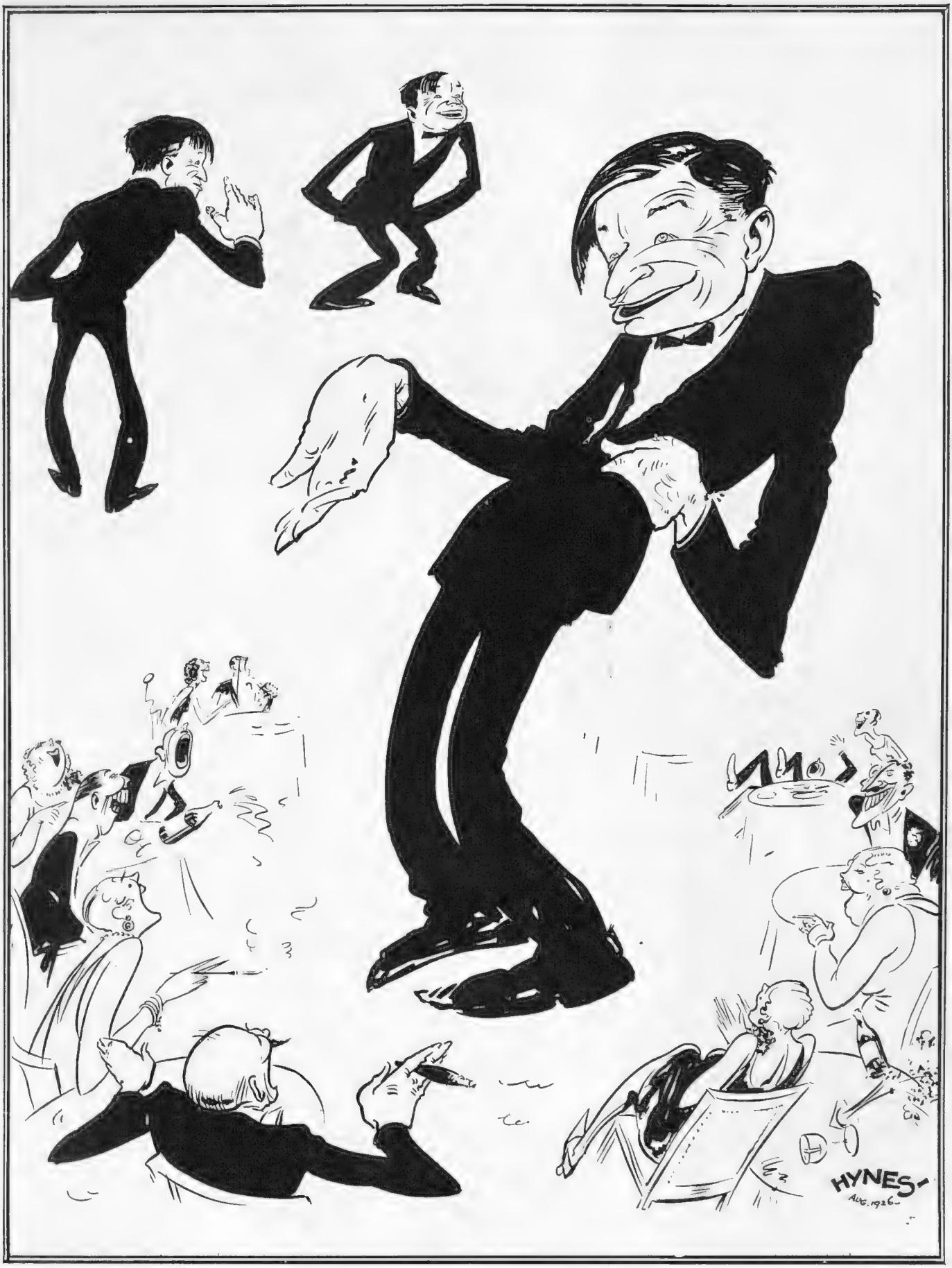
WHEN you glance back over the past history of Claremont House the question comes involuntarily to your mind—Is the house unlucky? The history of misfortunes to its many occupants certainly is curious.

Built originally by Sir John Vanbrugh, the dramatist-architect who designed Blenheim and many other great houses, it was bought by Lord Clive, to whom we owe our Indian Empire, who spent large sums upon it, including a drawing-room constructed specially to take a huge carpet he had brought back from India. Lord Clive committed suicide.

When Princess Charlotte, the only child of George IV, married Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg—afterwards King Leopold I of the Belgians—the young married couple lived at Claremont, which had been bought for the Princess by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and there Princess Charlotte died within a year in childbirth. When Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne she bought Claremont from the nation, and when King Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie were driven from France by the revolution of 1848 she lent it to them, and there they lived until they died. Its next Royal tenants were the late Duke and Duchess of Albany, Queen Victoria having given it to her youngest son on his marriage. The Duke died two years later. The Duchess of Albany lived at Claremont until the War, taking a most active and kindly part in all the charitable and philanthropic interests in the neighbourhood.

(Continued on page 474)

"A Fellow of Infinite Jest"



BY HYNES

Will Rogers, the world-famous after-dinner speaker, who, with his witty Americanisms, is setting London a-roar. He is now adding *sauce piquante* to the menu at the New Princes Restaurant

L.N.A.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET

Mr. Harold Vaughan Davies and his bride, Miss Constance Eyles, undergo one of the ordeals of a wedding with a good grace. They were married at St. Aldate's Church, Oxford

THE FINALISTS *Photopress*

Eric McRurie (right), of Leven Thistle, and C. W. Timmis (Leasowe), who met in the final of the Boys' Amateur Golf Championship at Coombe Hill. McRurie won by one hole

St. Bartholomew's Hospital

IN October there is to be a "Fleet Street Week for Bart's," and during the week a special feature will be an Empire concert at the Kingsway Hall on Tuesday, October 12, that hall being the nearest to Fleet Street. The concert, which will be in aid of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the only hospital in the City of London, is being organised by the Marchioness of Reading, who is forming an influential committee of ladies to sell tickets. The artistes taking part in the concert will be representative of the whole Empire.

An Architectural Statue

SCAFFOLDING round the top of the Duke of York's Column, on the top of the steps leading from Carlton House Terrace to the Mall, has attracted the attention of thousands of Londoners to a statue which the majority never notice, as it stands so high in the air. There was no particular reason why a statue should be erected to the Duke of York, George IV's next brother, and nothing at all to justify its being placed on the top of a column nearly as high as the Nelson Column, in Trafalgar Square.

The column and statue were put up in the reign of William IV, the cynical said as a mark of that monarch's gratitude to the Duke of York for dying before George IV and so leaving the succession open to himself. But I think myself that Wyatt, when he designed the column, had no thought for the Duke of York or his lack of glory. The Duke's statue was the excuse for a fine bit of architectural detail and an effective end to the view from the then new Piccadilly Circus down Waterloo Place to St. James's Park. That was most probably why the Duke of York was popped on the top of a high column. And there may have been a suggestion of sarcasm, too, reminiscent of the popular ballad which set out the Duke's military failures :—

> The grand old Duke of York,
> He had ten thousand men.
> He marched them up to the top of the hill,
> Then he marched them down again.
> And when they were up, they were up;
> And when they were down, they were down.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Oh, the grand old Duke of York,
> he had ten thousand men

IN THE POLO WORLD *Alfieri*

The Misses C. and T. Nickalls photographed in workmanlike kit at the Polo Tournament held on Mr. Norman Perkins's private ground at Arthingworth. The final match was between Arthingworth and Hillmorton

AT A YORKSHIRE SHOOT

Members of Mr. G. H. Taylor's shooting party at Rathmell, Yorkshire, during a "sit-easy." In addition to the host and Mrs. Taylor, the group includes the Hon. John Bethell, Mr. Charlesworth, Dr. Postlethwaite, Mr. G. W. Joynson, Mr. G. Cowgill Taylor, the Hon. William Bethell, Miss Thompson, Miss Dorothy Taylor and Mr. G. Waterworth

The Passing of the Horse

ONCE upon a time Long Acre was a thoroughfare of carriage shops, with saddle and harness makers in the adjacent streets. They had all come into being because of Aldridge's Repository, at the top end of St. Martin's Lane. Aldridge's was never of the same standing as Tattersall's; in fact, hunters and hacks were never sold there. They went in exclusively for carriage horses. And now the last horse has been sold there and Aldridge's will be an auction mart for motors. All the carriage shops in Long Acre were long ago turned into motor shops, and now the place because of whose neighbourhood they came into existence has had to scrap the horse and follow suit.

From Our Portrait Gallery

Lenare

THE HON. MRS. EVELYN FITZGERALD

A new photograph of the wife of the Hon. Evelyn FitzGerald, C.B., the younger son of the late Baron FitzGerald. She is the youngest daughter of the late Brigadier-General Charles Drury, C.B., of Nova Scotia

Produced June 9, 1926

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

I THINK this play owes its success to the genius of Miss Jane Cowl, who represents Larita, the lady with a Past. Speaking with mid-Victorian prudery, we should have said that Larita is a quite improper young person who has certainly done what she ought not to have done; and it speaks volumes for the agreeably dominating personality of the actress that we regard her with sympathy from the beginning, and applaud her with proper generosity when we really ought to deplore her misplaced activities. The theme of the play is that of sex throughout. The curtain has hardly risen before we see Mrs. Whittaker, a very correct matron, writing a letter to a friend warning her against a servant girl who has loved and lost, or something of that sort.

WE are thus confronted with the usual clash between positive virtue on the one hand, and the rather negative variety of that cardinal quality on the other. Mrs. Whittaker herself is a lady of absolutely deadly morality, while her eldest daughter Marion (a remarkable performance by Miss Marda Vanne), though professing contempt for weaknesses of the flesh, is unable to talk or think of anything else. We gather that she had been engaged to be married to a rather volatile young man, but she flatters herself that by having a straight talk with him on this thorny subject she showed him the way to the light. The consequence is that the young man has run away to a cooler atmosphere, and she is wondering when he will come back. I wonder!

Lenare

THE JEALOUSY OF YOUTH

Hilda (Joan Clement-Scott) discovers her own particular young man, Philip Bordon (Deering Wells), in a tête-à-tête with Larita (Jane Cowl). Larita has an unfortunate habit of quickly getting on friendly terms with the opposite sex

SO far, we have only local colour. The feature of the play is the marriage of John, the eldest son of the house. He has written home to say that having found at Cannes the only woman who matters, he has duly married her. John and his bride then arrive home, and Larita has the usual ordeal of trying to pretend that her husband's people interest her in the least degree. The Whittaker household take to Larita at once. She has an agreeable presence, and is to all appearance a young lady of education and breeding. In the course of the first homely little chat with the family Larita refers casually to her first husband. Mrs. Whittaker seems a little surprised, as John had said nothing about having married a widow. Larita remarks with artless simplicity that her first husband is not dead. Oh, no. He just divorced her. And as there is no convenient hint of incompatibility of temper, or anything like that, we are forced to the painful conclusion that she is a lovely woman who stooped to folly, and paid the price.

AFTER the Whittaker ladies have swallowed the lumps in their throats, a sort of peace is patched up, and Larita lives in the household for the next three months a correct and blameless life. Her chief difficulty is that she cannot acclimatise herself to the bustle and activity of an athletic English home. When she is asked to play tennis she finds that she prefers to loll on the sofa and read a book. This scene is most adroitly played by Miss Cowl, who answers questions put to her without taking her eyes from her novel, as though she wished people would notice that she is rather busy at the moment. This is, as far as I know, quite an original attitude, and the gentle humour of it is entirely delightful. But while she affects to be taking little notice of her surroundings, Larita is marking one feature of them with nice precision. Her husband is not so attentive to her as he used to be. Apparently, this is not a very new experience in her life, and she recognises the earliest symptoms of connubial indifference. Then matters come to a head swiftly and suddenly. Hilda Whittaker, the precocious flapper of the family, has found

an old newspaper cutting relating to a scandal in which Larita was involved a year or two ago. We do not know the details, but we gather there were two or three men concerned in it and that one killed himself because of unrequited love. In reply to the cross-examination of the family Larita casually explains that she did not think it worth while to tell John about these details. They belong to the Past, and are her own secrets. Colonel Whittaker, who seems to have had a Past of his own, and is still hopefully looking forward to a Future or so, is the only member of the family to agree with Larita's point of view. Birds of a feather! There was a playlet produced in London some years ago called "Should a Woman Tell?" I do not know what the answer was, but if she should, she probably doesn't.

THE ladies of the family, however, continue their cross-examination. The most active of them is the severe Miss Marion, who is hardly likely ever to have a prospect of marriage, let alone the sweet experience of a noisy scandal. Finally, stung by the comments and insinuations about her, Larita takes the floor and lets herself go. She says she married John because he looked so young and fresh, and she had never had a husband quite like him before, and she hoped this time it was real love. She now realises her mistake, but she is not going to sit on the stool of penitence. She seems to be a bright young thing constantly seeking some undiscoverable novelty in affairs of the heart, speaking euphemistically, and her craving for a wider experience in this direction is by no means satiated.

BUT the austere Mrs. Whittaker (Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis) is by no means disposed to condone Larita's conduct. She is giving a dance that evening, and she will be obliged if Larita will kindly have a diplomatic illness, and stay in her room, so that her guests may not run the proverbial risk of touching pitch. Larita tacitly agrees, and the dance goes merrily forward, with lively young people who can be heard laughing near by, or seen as they sit out dances on the stairs where so many romances have been born to blush unseen. And in the middle of the wholesome merriment, Larita comes stalking downstairs, and is surprised to hear that somebody had said she had a headache.

AN unusual, but most agreeable character, is that of Sarah Hurst, charmingly played by Miss Joyce Carey. Sarah was all but engaged to John at one time, before the glamour of Larita swept him from his feet. It is Sarah, among the ladies, who talks most sympathetically to Larita, although we are not to suppose that she is envious of Larita's rosy record. Sarah seems genuinely sorry for John, and Larita, taking her cue from that, urges her to look after him for the future. She herself will go out to look for fresh fields and pastures new, since the supply of the world's green goods is not exhausted. Miss Cowl is a tower of strength in this strange play, which is none too well written. Many of the phrases apparently meant to be epigrammatic do not get there, and a good deal of the talk reminds one of Hegel's famous system of which it was said that only one man knew what it meant and he couldn't tell. But Miss Jane Cowl's acting is more than sufficient compensation for the play's shortcomings.

'FLUTTERING THE DOVECOTE" *Lenare*

Larita (Jane Cowl) startles the guests at Colonel Whittaker's (Marcus Barron) country house dance. Incidentally the Colonel seems to be the only one who understands Larita

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

It may be true that the miner is "a broth of a boy"; but too many Cooks would always spoil him.

. . . . .

We should like to see a match between the owners and colliers—with the bowling at the striker's end.

. . . . .

We learn that the rentals of grouse moors are higher than ever this year. The increase was foretold by the bard who wrote, "The little moor, how much it is!"

. . . . .

"Never grouse," remarked the wife to her husband at dinner.

"You're right," said he, wearily toying with the cold mutton, "it's never grouse."

. . .

The ladies of a revue company played the gentlemen at cricket last week. We hear that the number of leg glances made by the spectators was a record.

.

"What on earth are you doing, Clara? Have you no gumption?"

"No, m'm; you must have forgotten to order it."

. . .

The excuse of a juvenile who was summoned for aiding and abetting his father (a bookmaker) is ingenious. He told the Bench that he was aiding but wasn't a-betting.

. . .

For hitting a Park orator in the face with a tomato, one of the audience was fined. The latter certainly seems to have caught the speaker's eye.

. . .

That Smith is the commonest surname in England is untrue, states a contemporary. Yes, it's myth.

Rolling Along.

The Flapper.

The Flapper is a curious bird;
Her wings she loves to preen;
She's always anxious to be heard;
Still more so to be seen.
She thinks that she's supremely wise,
And mischievously rolls her eyes.

The M.P.

The M.P.'s a phenomenon
Who loves to speechify:
His hind legs he will rise upon
And talk his hearers dry;
Yet I have known some spouting stars
Who couldn't even roll their r's!

The Millionaire.

The Millionaire, of course, is called
A bloated plutocrat;
He not infrequently is bald,
And generally fat.
Of cars he has a lordly choice,
And o'er pedestrians Rolls his Royce!

Paterfamilias.

At nine he takes the City train
For Finsbury (or Fins);
At six he starts for home again,
And then his work begins;
For though to sleep or Bridge he's drawn,
Alas, his rôle's to roll the lawn!

We notice that plus fours are being increasingly worn by lady golfers. It seems impossible to check this passion for vanity bags.

. . .

Quite Likely.

Mrs. Otto Blew, an American society favourite, is petitioning for a divorce on the grounds that she doesn't know where her husband is.

Oh, where has her little boy, Blew,
gone?
Oh, where and oh where can he be?
Has he off with some rackety crew
gone?
Is he sunning himself by the sea?
My heart for you bleeds, Mrs. Otto;
Maybe ('twere a trivial sin)
To the house of a pal (being blottoh)
Mr. Blew has blown in!

Perhaps he has journeyed to "Yurrup,"
Forgetting his woes and his wife;
Perhaps (it's no use saying "Shurrup!")
He's having the time of his life.
Perhaps in the Rockies you'd spot him,
Or the prairie might furnish a clue;
Perhaps a big grizzly has got him—
What a blow for poor Blew!

It may be he found his exchequer
Was quite insufficient for two;
Yet, courage! and keep up your pecker,
And don't feel too blue, Mrs. Blew.
Maybe he's still living sedately,
And has no intention to roam;
And, perhaps, if you've not been there lately,
You might find him—at home!

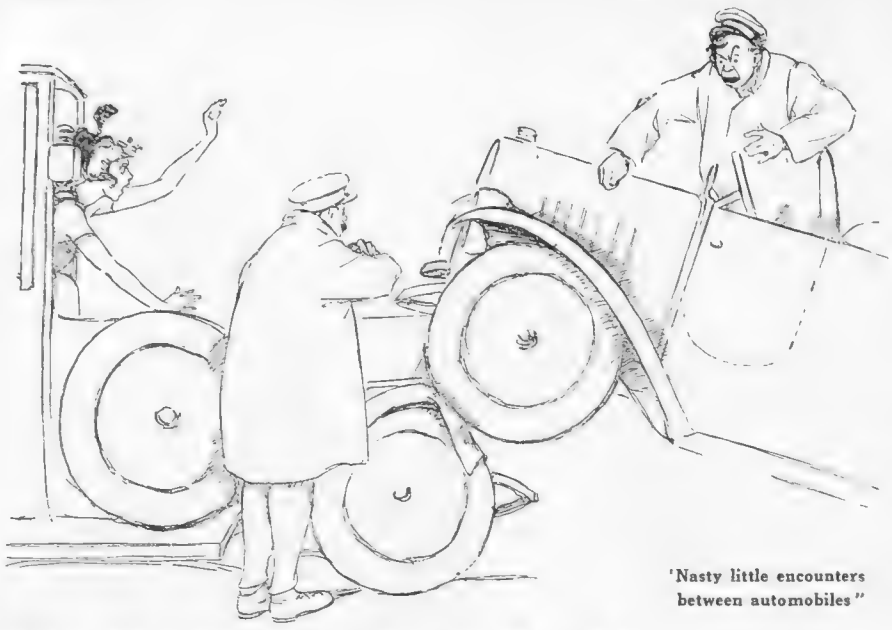
By E. F. Hiscocks

A SPIRITED ANSWER

"Wull ye hae a whisky, Dugald, or a meringue?"
"Ye're no wrang, Sandy, ye're richt!"

BY E. P. KINSELLA

"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"



'Nasty little encounters between automobiles"

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

AMONG the side-shows of the holiday season in France is the one that implicates golfers in the great handicap puzzle. Year after year does it impose its complications, and there is every sign that it may go on doing so for ever unless the Union des Golfs de France takes it into its head to lay down a ruling that, one handicap being sufficient for even the worst of golfers, that is all he can have, wherever he may chance to be playing.

I am referring, of course, to the quite ordinary person among golfers, not to the *aces* who compete in national championships and are therefore entitled to a national handicap distinct from the club handicap. As the situation stands at present, the ordinary eight to twenty-four man may have as many handicaps as there are golf clubs in France, which means several scores.

PARTLY this is due to a quaint snobbishness among the inland, that is, the all-the-year-round clubs, which look upon the seaside courses of a seasonal character, that is excluding Le Touquet, Dieppe, and La Nivelle, as being of an inferior order. A player who improved his game from, say, twenty to fifteen during a two-month holiday at Sables d'Or, for example, and proudly claimed to be placed on the same mark on returning to his home club near Paris, might have the unpleasant experience of being told that the seaside "golfs" are *pas serieux*, and his request refused.

He would have to struggle all over again to become fifteen at his home club. Yet on the next holiday, should he go to the seaside course thinking he would pull off easy victories with the twenty handicap he had failed to reduce on his own *parcours*, he would find that he had to wrestle with the fifteen obstacle, this time looking like a millstone.

It would seem that the home club handicap ought to prevail, at least until a player has shown that he can play below it on a holiday course and under holiday conditions. And in the case of a golfer who is a regular member of three or four clubs, the lowest of his handicaps should rule, though this would create difficulties of arrangement as most players are probably three strokes better at St. Germain where you can get a "run" of a hundred and fifty yards, or at Chantilly, where a "slice" mostly means that you are merely on a neighbouring fairway, than at La Boulie, where you so often have a stance like a goat on a mountain, or at another club where the crinkles of the greens have baked so hard that it is like putting on the corrugated iron roofs of hillside chapels.

"The Parisienne likes to show her leg"

ANYHOW, it is absurd to continue as at present, permitting such cases as a man I recently met who had handicaps of twenty-two, twenty-four, and twenty-six and hardly knew which to announce when on holiday. There is no reason why French golf should not be ruled as strictly as French tennis now that the game has become so popular.

Incidentally, so many of the French being fatalists, they are making better golfers than one might expect, and one bad hole does not seem to shake many of them so severely as it does many Englishmen. And there is cause to fear their fetishes, such as finding mascots *en route*, which inspire them to play so much above themselves that they win the *cinq louis* when you thought you had them in your pocket.

I had a bad bump against one of these fanatics the other day when, after winning the match by six and five, he suggested playing double stakes on the bye,

Stars in the Land of Stars—and Stripes

Fred Daniels

Pansy and Vashti Taylor, whose singing and dancing has proved "the cat's pyjamas," or—to Anglicise the phrase—most successful in the United States. They recently returned to England

and, after I had agreed, picked up a bit of four-leaved clover with a glad cry that all was over for me. And it was. He played the remaining five holes in two under par and was able to crackle my notes instead of my rustling his. A "find" like this and a rabbit among French golfers can become a lion in one bound.

We should be able to thank the Prefect of Police for sparing us from more of those unsightly kinks in the front mudguards of our motor cars, as the result of his new ruling that the one-way street regulations shall operate all day and night and also on Sundays. Nothing has contributed so much to nasty little encounters between automobiles than the fact that after eight o'clock half the motor drivers were under the impression that a one-way street was still a one-way street, while the other half, mostly taxi-chauffeurs, delighted in charging straight at them when they were on the left side, which the stroke of eight had converted into the wrong side.

My experience of motoring in Paris is that taxi-drivers have a corporate grudge against all privately owned cars which have no dents in their mudguards and that they set about the task of inflicting such dents as soon as they sight a prospective victim. It does not seem to matter a bit that they may buckle their own mudguards in the assault, as the taxis are not their own. Anyhow, the way to comparative security in Paris motoring is to have your mudguards hammered first in a garage. Then the shock taxisians will consider you are not worth butting.

"To crackle my notes"

Seemingly the fashion dictators have not found it easy to discover novelties for the winter season, models for which have lately been offered for our inspection, as the only distinctive ones are knee breeches and high gaiters, not, it is emphasised, to be worn together. Somehow, I doubt the prospects of either securing any popularity with the Parisienne.

The high gaiters, in deliciously soft cloth which shapes itself as intimately to the leg as any cloth possibly could do, may sound very sensible and practicable as a means of avoiding ugly splashes of winter's mud on silk stockings, but the Parisienne likes to show her leg under a silken covering and no other. On the days when mud is churning she will, I feel sure, choose silk stockings and a taxi in preference to a walk in cloth gaiters, be they ever so clinging. As for the breeches, they might make a temporary appeal if they came below the line of the frock, offering occasion for an additional display of jewellery in diamond-studded buckles, but as the winter skirts pass the knees there does not appear to be any margin for decorative display, whatever other advantages there may be in respect to the "hang" of a skimpy satin frock.

From the point of view of Mrs. Grundy, the knee-breeches obviously have certain advantages which are better divined than mentioned, but the point of view that the Parisienne furnishes is certainly not intended for Mrs. Grundy, if quite to the liking of Monsieur de Grundée. René.

"Knee breeches obviously have certain advantages"

"My dear," said he to his wife, "I have left instructions in my will that I am to be cremated."

"Just like you," she retorted, "to go and leave ash about all over the place."

. . . . .

Eels, we learn, can make love. But not, probably, the head over 'eels variety.

. . . . .

"What do you think of this for a portrait of a lady?" asked the proud artist.

"If I were you," replied his friend, "I should draw a veil over it!"

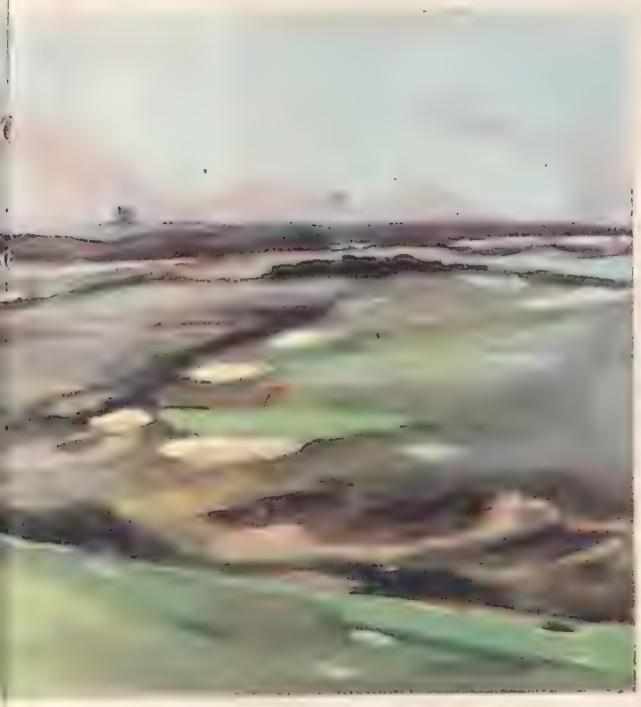
THE CATCH

SIR EMSLEY CARR
A VERY PROMINENT
MEMBER

SIR ERNEST
HOLDERNESS
AT THE
FINISH
OF AN
IRON SHOT

GOLF STARS AND THEIR C

Our artist's impressions of the famous course on the Surrey heights, and some of those who follow



JAMES BRAID

ROBERT HARRIS
IN ANXIOUS MOMENT

NOEL LAYTON
PLAYING A SPOON FROM THE ROUGH

EARL BEATTY
GETS A 'TOPPING' SHOT

BY H. H. HARRIS

URSES: NO. 6—WALTON HEATH

the far from unwelcome round there. An article on the Club will be found elsewhere in this issue

BLACK MAGIC

BY WEBSTER MURRAY

HIS EMPLOYER'S INTERESTS

By OWEN OLIVER

Illustration by S BRIAULT

To the unseeing eye Adelbert Smithson Turner was just the timid, flustering, unathletic sort of young man who would naturally be the factotum of a massive, dominant (except toward his wife) plutocrat like Sir Joseph Pondle, K.C.B. But, behind his tortoiseshell-rimmed spectacles, Adelbert had a soul above private-secretaryship. He proposed to gain his employer's confidence, and to obtain preferment into the business which the big man still overlorded, although he had turned it into a limited company, married a youngish wife, and retired with a seat upon the board.

Sir Joseph, however, was not a man who gave confidence, or anything, readily (except to his wife). Adelbert soon found that he was too material to appreciate mind. Any display of his secretary's intellectual parts annoyed him. He held that the best secretary was an honest fool, who did what he was told. So Adelbert carried out the instructions of his employer (and his employer's wife) with Chinese precision. Lady Pondle, whom Adelbert hated, described him as a "cross between a polite-letter writer and a calculating machine." Adelbert wasn't disturbed by the particular slander, when he overheard it (he was essentially an overhearer), because he knew it was what Sir Joseph wanted; but he was afraid that she might say something worse, for he realised that if she said "Get rid of him," Sir Joseph would do it.

"The old idiot," he told his friends, "is completely under her thumb. It's always the same when a man marries a woman twenty years younger than himself. However, so long as I can steer clear of *her,* I'm all right. I know his weak spot."

The weak spot was a liking for good service, when he appreciated it. "If a man looks after my interests I never fail to look after his," Adelbert had several times heard him say to men who called to thank him for business promotion. Adelbert decided that he must look after his employer's interests, and/or convince him that he had.

Unfortunately Sir Joseph seemed to have only two interests: the business and Lady Pondle. He was well able to look after the business, but he wasn't so well able to look after her. After a couple of years, Adelbert found an opportunity to assist him in that respect.

She was a lively lady who retained considerable attractions at the age of thirty-seven. She always had a number of male friends. Adelbert felt, from the time of his arrival, that "Poor old Joseph" wanted his eyes opened; but for a year and eleven months he couldn't find anything serious enough to open them to, although he watched closely, and caught two bad attacks of ear-ache from draught through keyholes. She said risky things, but she didn't do them. Certainly an admirer kissed her in the copse; but she boxed his ears (seriously). Adelbert had a shocking cold from hiding in the wet grass upon that occasion, and gave up this hopeful place of espionage for some time. Moreover, she seemed suspicious how he had caught the cold. He heard her speak of *someone* as "little Nosey Parker." So he had to be careful.

After a year and eleven months and a week, however, her cousin Rudolph came home from Ceylon. He was one of those hardy, lanky men who look more than they say and do worse than they look. Adelbert noted that, though he was only a third cousin, he took the first-cousinly privilege of osculatory salutation. He further noted that Sir Joseph noted it—twisted his mouth, as he did when he noticed unsatisfactory items in balance-sheets. However, he said nothing; seemed to accept Rudolph's frequent calls as inevitable; submitted to his wife's whims and bullying just as usual, though she became distinctly restless and touchy with him after Rudolph had been home for a month. At that period she took to walking in the copse with Rudolph in the afternoons. Sir Joseph had his nap then. So, as soon as the weather became dry enough, Adelbert took to resting in the long grass at that time.

Upon the very first afternoon of his watching, Lady Pondle had occasion to box her cousin's ears. On the second afternoon and subsequently she had also occasion, but not opportunity. He was holding her hands at the time. Upon the third occasion Adelbert felt it necessary to depart before the event.

"I suppose the old man isn't spying on us," Cousin Rudolph observed. "This morning I noticed marks in the long grass over there."

"If it's anyone," she said, "it will be that little rat, Turner."

"I might have a look," Rudolph said. He picked up his stick and rose; and Adelbert crept hastily along his line of retreat.

After a few days he discovered a hiding-place in a hollow at the fork of the tree under which they usually sat, and got there in advance one afternoon. He found that Rudolph had become more articulate.

"Do you call it living, Francie? Wasting your life tied up to an old fool, who lets you sit on him . . . I'd wring your little neck if you bullied *me* like that."

"I know, I know. *You're* a man. He's a—a—well, he's my husband. He hasn't even the sense to suspect us. But I've got to consider his feelings. He's so crazy over me. If I went I shouldn't wonder if he committed suicide!"

"Rot! He ought to be jolly glad to get rid of you. . . . Nearly as glad as I'll be to get you . . . I'm going to."

"No, no!"

"To-night I'll bring my car to that gate. I'll leave it there and come through the shrubbery to the tradesmen's entrance, and the back door. So that I can carry your bags."

"I won't listen to such a wicked suggestion. It's worse than wicked. It's silly. He'd motor up to town and catch us before the boat train left."

"We'll go straight to Dover, and catch the boat there."

"I won't hear of it. Your motor's always breaking down."

"The engine's all right. I didn't understand it. Now I do."

"*Think* you do! It would be sure to go wrong to-night. Then he'd 'phone to all the police stations and scour the country and find me sitting on my luggage. That would give me away directly. I'll *never* do it. . . . Anyhow, not till you really understand your car!"

"Well . . . it's only nine miles to the junction. There's a train at 2.27 a.m. I'll be outside the back door at 1.30. *If* we broke down, we'd have time to walk back here. I'd carry your stuff—only two suit cases, mind—and leave mine in the car. 1.30 *sharp!*"

"I'll never consent!" she cried.

But she consented!

Adelbert's first idea was naturally to tell his employer what he had overheard, "thinking it my duty to watch over your interests, sir, and verify my suspicions." But he feared that his explosive employer wouldn't wait till 1.30 a.m. and catch the third cousin red-handed. "No self-control," he told himself, "and besotted over the woman. That's the word—besotted. He'll rush off to her and accuse her. She'll deny it. So will Rudolph. Two against one, and I'll have no proof. She'll fling her arms round his neck and ask, 'Do you believe your loving wife, or your lying secretary?' He'll sack me; and that great brute . . . used to knocking natives about. . . . Suppose I wake old Joe up, just before 1.30. . . . No good. He sleeps like a log, and she'll hear and won't go. . . . Ah! I know what I'll do. When he's left the car to fetch her bags—I bet they'll take some carrying!—I'll drive his motor off, put it in the old stable by the lodge and lock it up. He'll never look for it there, and anyhow he couldn't break in without waking old Smith. There it will be for evidence to corroborate my story in the morning. She'll have to come back. Nowhere to go . . . Ha, ha, ha!"

For once things worked out according to plan. Third cousin Rudolph arrived at the gate by the spinney at 1.10; left his car there and crept up towards the house. At 1.20 Adelbert drove the car off. It went graciously and silently. At 1.30 he locked it up in the old stables. At 1.45 he was back in the house. He waited inside the pantry at the ventilating grating till 2 o'clock. Then Lady Pondle returned carrying two small bags. Rudolph stumbled along beside her, carrying two large suit cases. Adelbert caught fragments of what she said. (Rudolph had reverted to looking things rather than saying them; and what little he grunted was not audible.)

"It was taken by someone he'd employed to watch us. . . . Joseph? No! *He'd* never suspect me . . . That sandy-haired little toad. . . . No, no. You mustn't stay to thrash him. Joseph will do that, if I can persuade him that he's a liar. . . . You must go to Paris by the morning train. . . . If the little beast tells him, I shall say that I repented at the last minute, and sent you off. Besides, you mustn't let Joseph find you. He'll be in such a rage that he'll summon you for the money he lent you to buy the car! . . . No, no! Rudolph. It's no use talking of the future. I shall stay with Joseph for the rest of his life. . . . At any rate, *he* has never sworn at me! . . . I shall make him sack the little worm . . ."

"Ha, ha!" Adelbert said to himself. "Little worm, eh? We'll see what Sir Joseph says!"

"Sir Joseph," Adelbert said, in the morning, "I have something very serious and painful to tell you. I ask you to control your feelings, until you have heard the whole story, and seen the proof which I can produce."

During the narration, Sir Joseph controlled his feelings, except for snorts, and certain motions with the ruler which he picked up. He struck the air frequently with it.

"I have acted entirely in your interest, sir," Adelbert concluded, "and, may I add, in those of her ladyship. If you consider that it is for the best to say nothing to her——? I don't think it is likely to occur again. I distinctly heard her tell him that she will never leave you for the rest of your life."

"Ah!" said Sir Joseph. "Give me that water. . . . Never leave me for the rest of my life. You heard her."

"Yes, sir. . . . Allow me to pour it out . . . 'I shall stay with Joseph for the rest of his life.' Those were her exact words. And when her ladyship says a thing, sir——"

"I know, I know. . . . Said it as if she means it, eh? . . . Like she does when she puts her foot down?"

"Like that, sir. . . . And of course I shall continue to—to do my best to watch over your interests. I——"

"Give me my cheque-book," said Sir Joseph.

"Yes, sir, certainly; but, if you are thinking of me, I shouldn't wish——"

"You are entitled to it," Sir Joseph snapped. "Don't argue with me."

Adelbert didn't argue. He fetched the cheque book; looked modestly away while his employer filled in a cheque.

"He can hardly give me less than a hundred," he thought. "Five hundred, I should think, considering the way he's infatuated with her."

Sir Joseph blotted the cheque and threw it across the desk. Adelbert picked it up.

It was for £19 3s. 4d.

"A month's salary in lieu of notice," Sir Joseph explained. "I hope he'll prosecute you for stealing his car. Why the devil do you suppose I lent him the money to buy it? Do you think I don't know my own interests, you—you brainless worm!"

BELINDA

BELINDA, though she's up to date,
Has never once, I beg to state,
Powdered her pretty nose;
Though modern maids declare that they
Must make-up several times a day
Unpowdered still she goes

She does not smoke, she never wears
Silk stockings, but she daily dares
To flaunt a gaudy coat
Of blue for all the world to see,
And yet her nose goes powder free—
Because she is a boat!

L. M. O.

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in England and Scotland

Photo Illus.

YOUTH TO THE FORE AT COOMBE HILL

G. Hill, who captained the English team in the recent International Boys' Golf match. This was held on the Coombe Hill course

A. S. Anderson, the Scottish captain. In a close struggle, Scotland lost to England by 4½ matches to 3½

Sport and General

GOLF IN THE NORTH

C. A. Whitcombe, of Crews Hill, winner of the "Yorkshire Evening News" Tournament at Moortown. He beat Moses O'Neill, of Wrekin, by 9 and 8

Sport and General

AT A HIGHLAND GATHERING

A group of interested onlookers, who took a day off from the moors to attend the Bredalbane Highland Gathering at Aberfeldy. The photograph shows Audrey Lady Petre (left), Lady Ursula Brudenell-Bruce, Lady Rosemary Brudenell-Bruce, Sir Ernest Wills, and Mr. George Wills

Other People's Pleasures

THE HANDICAPLESS MAN

By DELL LEIGH

It is, of course, a platitude to say that golf, like life, is full of tribulations. It is worse than that. Golf is composed, for all but the Plus People, of one damned thing after another. I met the other recently. It did me a lot of good—but not at the time. I suppose there must be periods in all errant golfers' careers when they become proud and of a high stomach about themselves. I was of such in a very mild form, and my debasement took place thus. Sated with the subtleties and enchantments of a world-famous Scottish links, and having scraped together a couple of goodish cards (for *me:* every decent-minded player should add that qualification!), I moved South. But not very far. To the rival *endroit* merely, in order to draw invidious comparisons in the true London manner.

You know what happens on these occasions. It must have happened to you. One goes across country, missing all one's train connections and arriving at "the other place" in time to be infernally late for dinner. Tired waitresses frown upon you and dust the used dining-room tablecloth with an ill-suppressed viciousness.

A phalanx of white shirt front stare coldly at your tweeds in the lounge afterwards. But you are an old hand at this game, and you stare back with an expression which implies "Well, how many Birdies have *you* done this week, anyway?" You tell the red-coated hall porter to try to get you a game in the morning, and you yawn superciliously up to bed.

The mornings in this other golfing Mecca are rather extra specially wonderful, for a splash of sun on the white enamelled door of your sumptuous bedroom wakens you, and you hear the delicious 'pur-r-r" of a mower on the practice putting green below your open window. The sea song accompanies it from the mile long sands beyond the course, and you rise in high fettle. Yes, the hall porter has telephoned down to the caddie master, and McBlank will be happy to play you at ten o'clock. His handicap is two strokes below yours, and he beats you 4 and 3. But you have forgotten the course. Years since you were here. You play quite respectably. And, in any case, he knows all the sheep by their Christian names—and local knowledge here is half the battle. You come in to lunch quite well pleased with yourself: especially as the hall porter has got you another match for after tea. You are always at your best after tea. Good!

But with whom is this match? You did not catch his name when he sauntered up and introduced himself. All you noticed about him was that he looked very ill, and was very tall—one of A. P. Herbert's "gaunt men on the horizon." He had said gloomily, "You might send up someone to No. 6 room if I am not down by four, will you? I'm going to my bed." You do so at 3.55; and he comes down, looking like death. You pour out tea for him and inquire politely whether you get any strokes—a mere matter of form, of course.

"*Strokes,* my dear fellow? Good Lord, I haven't even got a handicap. I'm chock full of malaria: you'll knock my head off: damn decent of you to play with me, *I* think. Have a bit of this hotel cake?"

But he smites a colossal ball off the first tee, without even addressing it. Fluke, of course. Yes, it must have been, for with his spoon shot to the green he slices badly into the rough. "I fell asleep over that second of mine," he says when you meet on the green. "Awful thing, chronic malaria—ever had it?" The fellow is not fit to play. Ought to be in bed. It appears from a few mumbled remarks of his, as you walk the rather long way to the second tee, that his health broke down completely six months ago. That he had to sell his practice. That life has been a hollow mockery to him ever since. Poor devil . . . But, dash it, he did that hole in 4 to your 5. How on earth was that? . . .

He takes the next hole with a perfect, effortless drive, a chip and one putt. The third, a short hole, with a crisp mashie-iron and again one chop putt, for a 2. Bogie is 3. It is then that you become distinctly rattled and highly suspicious. And you begin to press, and to swear. Again you say, being 4 down at the 6th, "I say, what *is* your handicap, by the way?" "Haven't got one, ol' man, unfortunately. I'm hardly ever fit to play." And again he drives the ball into the blue of the horizon. . . . You examine your card. You haven't been doing so jolly badly either (for *you*), but you are now 6 down. And as you sit on a seat at the 9th tee you determine to get to the bottom of this mystery man by saying, "Well, anyhow, what was your p r e - w a r handicap?" "Oh, pre-*war*, in *those* days I was Plus 4. But I don't take the game seriously now."

But don't let us labour the horror of the 8 and 7 defeat. With a couple of Eagles in his score, eliminating the Birdies, I ought to have known. You all ought to have known: you who have met these handicapless men. HE HAD A SCOTCH ACCENT. Beware of strange men on links who say "Och, aye," and affirm they have no recognised handicap. They can nearly always play the game. And they nearly always say they can't, and that you *can*. For the Scottish hospitality and chivalry extends to opponents as well as to guests, and is second to no other country in the world.

By R. H. Evens

"WELL, I DECLARE!"

The man who owned up to a silkworm at the Customs

SEPTEMBER

By A. A. Thomson

SEPTEMBER is a kindly friend.
Season of fruits and harvest cheer;
I will not weep for summer's end.
(She wept enough when she was here.)
September sunshine, clear and still,
The green grass in the orchard dapples;
Of Ribstones I shall eat my fill,
As sure as . . . little apples.

Where are the dogs and where's the gun?
('All ready, sir, to the last cartridge.')
The date it is September One;
Remember that, poor luckless partridge.
His loins the trusty sportsman girds,
And blazes till his barrel's hot,
Hoping his shot may hit the birds
Or the birds may hit his shot.

The padded warrior's innings o'er,
In cool pavilion now he rests.
We've had our War to end all War;
We've had our Test to end all Tests.
Bring me my boots and jersey pied,
For Rugger is a-coming in;
Now starts throughout the land so wide
The reign of Harlequin.

Sing then, my muse, a grateful tune;
I love you, fair and sweet September;
You come between wild, wintry June
And wintry, if less wild, December.
I love you most of all, because
Bright, sunny days you bring to me,
'Twixt summer time that never was
And winter that will be.

BORDER BY LEO CHENEY

THE PLEASURE HABIT

By BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Heading by CUNINGHAM

I HAVE just paid twopence for the right to hold out a net under a shower of coloured ping-pong balls. I have my companions. The first of us to catch three balls in his net will receive a slab of near-chocolate as a prize.

A ball falls into my net. I grin. Another ball falls into my net. I chuckle. A third ball falls into my net. I laugh unrestrainedly and triumphantly. Alas! Another competitor, it is declared, caught three balls before I did. In fact, he has already collected his prize and gone away with it. "I should think he's eaten it too," sneers the lessor of nets. Never mind.

It is nearly thirty years since I had a holiday. My parents gave me one every year, but, though able to give myself one upon occasion, I have not been able to bring myself to see that I deserve it. Even now my holiday is compulsory, and, if the doctors knew that I had lost the pleasure habit completely, I doubt if they would have driven me from work.

In my young days I think I knew how to enjoy myself by the sea. There were the niggers to patronise, not pierrots, for pierrots had hardly been adumbrated. There was a camera obscura. There was a telescope for scrutinising the skies and men-of-war upon the horizon. There were machines into which one peeped for a penny and saw a sort of primitive moving picture. There were beach photographers who hid themselves under a black cloth and presently gave you your portrait printed upon tin.

Ah! those tin portraits. Who has not one lying forgotten in some drawer? There was generally a boat in the background, and mamma wore a pork-pie hat. You, if a little girl, wore a tam-o'-shanter and had heaps and heaps of hair round your head. You, if a little boy, wore a sailor suit with a very large straw hat and nursed a pail on your knee. Father looked frightful in a bowler, although I shall say that my father looked the most frightful of all because he always wore a tall silk hat on the beach.

When I set forth on my seaside holiday the other day I said to myself I would enjoy all the old delights. It was all planned in the long ago for my pleasure and my good. Surely the old charm must work again.

It did not. I sought my niggers but found none. Instead of their splendid unction—

> "Nellie and I go strolling,
> Nellie and I alone,
> Nellie, dear Nellie,
> At morning's early daw-awn"—

instead, I say, of "Sister Mary Walked Like That," I found a pale young man in an alleged yachting suit singing "Valencia" in an alleged Oxford voice. I stopped and I looked and I listened, and I felt more unwell than before.

In place of the old delights there are many new inventions. I conceive it my duty to try some of them. First to the lessor of nets, with results already described. I have nothing against the pastime, unless it be that its thrills are not for those suffering from cardiac weakness, and, as for the result, I have trained myself never to weep when I am baulked. The late Charles Hawtrey once told me that his father, who was a schoolmaster, pressed him to train himself never to be disappointed. It was wise advice, and I seized upon it for myself when it was put to me. So, when I found I was last to collect the three balls, I was not disconcerted for long. There was just a pang, and soon I was smiling again.

I enter the Fun City. The new fashionable gamble, it appears, is called "Fruit-Mints." Just as no one knows why a certain kind of ball delivered by a bowler at cricket is called a yorker, so there is complete intellectual darkness on the subject of the origin of the title of "Fruit-Mints."

In the first place you tender a shilling at a counter and are given in exchange six small sugar-sticks and six discs. These discs you insert one by one into the gambling machine and jerk a handle upon each occasion. The story goes that sometimes, as a result of inserting a disc and jerking the handle, the machine will return a number of discs which can be exchanged for prizes at the counter. I apologise if I am spreading a false rumour. Mark, I have said no more than that that is the way the story goes. . . . Still, I have my sugar-sticks, which, I grieve to write, prove to be vile.

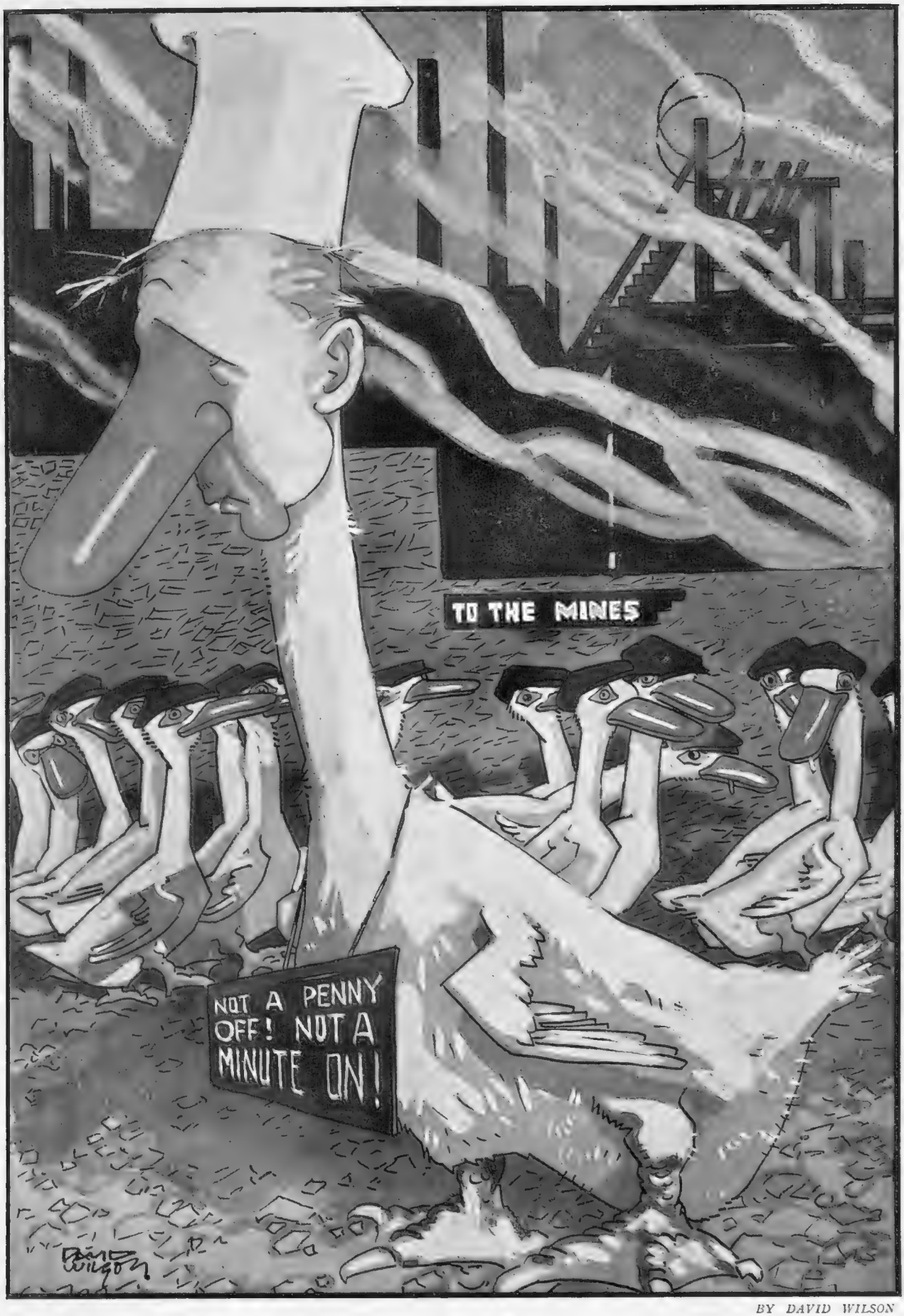
Why grieve? ask you. "What are you alassing about?" as the King said to the Duke in "Huckleberry Finn." Well, I like sweets. I think most men do, but in the storm and stress of life they forget all about them. Now one of the chief delights of a seaside holiday when I was a boy was the sweets that were eaten upon it. Coppers were forthcoming on holiday-time from pockets which were sealed on other occasions, and a fellow could strut about the pier with a brandy-ball in either cheek.

And what sweets they were when we forty-odds were boys and girls. Do you remember stick-jaw? If you went into a sweet-shop nowadays and asked for stick-jaw you would receive a stare of astonishment. I know because I have tried, at Buszards'. Then there were "hundreds-and-thousands" which you spread on your bread and butter, and beautiful black "bootlaces" and toffee-apples on sticks. I think I remember with most affection little wooden oval boxes of some sweet-stuff with a tiny tin spoon to scoop it up, a farthing a box. Ah! a farthing was a farthing, then, while, as for a penny, a choirboy would lie for a penny.

Let me not forget that I am here for health and pleasure. There may be pleasure for me in these doting memories, but health is a matter of air and exercise. What have we here? Unless my spectacled eyes deceive me, a putting green, the kind of place that might train one to be a sort of Walter Hagen. I pass on. Here is Skee-ball. In this game strong men hurl wooden balls in the direction of numbered holes. A little luck in the throwing and a man might become the possessor of what Lorelei calls "a quite cute imitation of quite a large size dog." I am not distracted.

Surely it is a dreadful thing to lose the pleasure habit! I am offered a yacht or motor-boat trip, a char-à-banc visit to some famous tea-gardens, even a ride in an aeroplane. Why is it that I do not leap to the opportunity? Impossible that the zest for enjoyment should have deserted me for ever. On reflection I discover that I have my compensation. I experience now the pleasure of abandoning pleasure.

The "Slogan"-der



BY DAVID WILSON

Cooky, Cooky Gander,
Whither will you wander?
Above-ground? Underground?
Into the Lethal Chamber?

Happiness for a Halfpenny (Or Less)

By Blanchette *Illustrations by HELEN McKIE*

"The *perfides Anglais* who visit the Ritz"

LONDON, *August* 30.

DEAR COUSIN—

DOESN'T partridge or pheasant shooting or something open this Wednesday as ever is, or will be? Which puts a sort of date to the calendar, doesn't it? and I'm sure all the pheasants (or is it partridges?) that happen to escape from the guns will be only too glad to agree how important partridge (or pheasant) shooting is to improve the breed of the above-mentioned birds. Just as, you'll remember, or anyway have been told, everybody—or anyway the ones that mattered—said racing simply *must* go on during the Great War so as to improve the breed of horses, especially seeing as how it was our cavalry that was really going to win the contest for us in the end. Aren't (some) men wonderful?

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BUT anyway, and whatever happens, it'll be September—think of it. Yet one more chapter closed and turning point passed and all that sort of thing, and new series started in this worrying and delightful, harassing but altogether fascinating Book of Life. Wherein, having once writ, not all your piety or wit, as Old Omar says, can cancel half a line of it. And on the whole who wants to, I ask you? It mayn't be quite as quiet and peaceful as one of those dear old books for young girls that Charlotte Yonge wrote for our highly respected ancestors, but what of it? And

> They are not long, the days of wine and roses . . .

as a more modern poet hath reminded us—Ernest Dowson, wasn't it?—but oh! how the wine does sparkle and the roses bloom and pour out their fresh fragrance for us while the sun still shines . . .

卐

IT'S just after dawn as I write you this, dear Cousin, and through my wide open window there comes a soft, gentle murmur of the whispering leaves as the first faint summer breeze (yes, I *will* call it summer still again, just for this once) begins to stir them from their calm and lovely sleep. A bird pipes. Then silence. And in silence and soft whispers the morning grows each moment more vivid till you see at last all the rich colours of the day that mass themselves so proudly in the flower-beds (oh! what a lovely place to sleep)—roses and violas and antirrhinums and hollyhocks and phlox, montbresias and other little darling oddments that I forget even the names of, but every single one in its own little way a priceless pearl.

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AND that's only the beginning. There's all the day to come, and what shall we do with it? Those twenty-four hours all worth their weight in gold, I'm sure, though how you weigh an hour I don't know, but, anyhow, how perfectly incredible it does seem, doesn't it? that some people can actually talk about killing time, and that sort of thing, as if they really wanted it to go, and get rid of it when it's just a shining, shimmering succession of jewel bargains that can't possibly be repeated, as the sale catalogues say. Each second a sapphire and days that are diamonds—and, what's more, every time the Sibyl burns one of the books the price of the rest goes up (said she, speaking classically, but it's true all the same).

卐

AND fancy anyone ever wishing any day over unless they're in that one pass that blots out everything—mortal pain. After all, if there aren't flowers about there are people, who are quite often even more *intriguing*, though not half so decorative. And to be always interested in people, however apparently sordid or dull, like that nice husband Oliver of the devastatingly well-meaning woman in E. M. Delafield's rather pleasing new book, "Jill"—that makes every single day *much* too short, for one thing. And then there's "books and my food," and other nice simple things that R.L.S. said he hoped he'd be struck dead, or words to that effect, if he stopped caring for, not to mention that famous catalogue of Rupert Brooke's of things he loved—

> Wet roofs, beneath the lamplight; the strong crust
> Of friendly bread; and many tasting food;
> Rainbows; and the blue, bitter smoke of wood;
> And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers . . .

卐

ALL sorts of nice plain, clean things, aren't they, and he doesn't seem to have mentioned Old Masters, or larks' tongues on toast, or pearl necklaces, or any of the other luxuries of the Rich, does he? Which is really rather comforting to quite a lot of us, is not it? not being in possession of great wealth, but just the capacity for enjoying the things that are there with-

"The slender form"

"It's a terrible crime . . . to be poor"

out paying for, and worth all the infinitely more for that. Not that I'm sure I should absolutely *refuse* a p.n. if positively forced on me, as Heather Thatcher swore hers was in the new show, *Thy Name is Woman* at the Cri.

SOME liar this girl, and oh! what a quite delightful actress aforesaid Heather, late of the Winter Garden, is going to be quite soon, especially when she finally manages to lose, drop overboard, or give to the dog the last remnants of that somewhat refaned accent (as Mr. St. John Ervine would put it) that seems to be immemorially and irrevocably associated with musical comedy. (Try *Yvonne* and others, if you don't know what I mean. I wonder if they're all telephone girls before they go on the stage, or whether it's just a singularly subtle device to hide the fact that they really belong to old county families all the time? Must be *some* dark mystery behind it, methinks. But never mind.)

ANYWAY, this Heather (which her name is Janet in the play, so's to inspire confidence, I s'pose), just invents her necklace so's to get it stolen and draw the insurance money, see? Which, apparently, is handed over, somewhat trustfully, it certainly appears, to the sum of some thousand pounds, only unfortunately the chairman of the co., happening to be Mr. Norman McKinnel, naturally has to do something a bit massive and drastic. So he tells this Janet that this necklace never existed. So then she tells him it did, and he gave it her because he was sort of hankering after her, which turns out to be painfully true, which only shows that a poor girl's got to be terribly careful—or careless, as the case may be.

PERFECTLY sweet frocks she wears, too, and wears 'em so well and is so beautifully slim and also tactful that I don't wonder they all fall for her, though so utterly unmoral and yet, you know, rather big in her way, because she knew what she wanted and never bored anyone and was never afraid. Which, if anyone can and will conscientiously write all that, or anything like it, on *my* little bit of marble after the last act, I don't think I should worry, what? Because, for instance, to be bored is bad enough, but actually and actively to bore means somewhere about the seventh circle of the Inferno, and I only wish quite a lot of vicars' wives and mayors and so-called comedians only knew it, too (said she bitterly, but not without having suffered).

RATHER a shock, by the way, and a reminder of old things, wasn't it?—this revolution in Greece; not that Greece matters much to-day, but we *have* rather got into the sort of there'll-be-no-more-war mood this last year or two, haven't we? Not sure there won't be a sort of war of some kind in Italy, anyway, by the way, quite soon, if Signor Mussolini really tries to make all the poor dear women of his once sunny country go into uniform as notified by decree, or words to that effect. Of course, it does all rather depend on *what* uniform—I mean, will it be like Mr. Selfridge's lift girls or those so terribly sad orphan schools you see sometimes marching about *en crocodile?*

FRANCE being drastic, too, by the way, and only two-course meals being had in Paris now, though as soup, *hors d'œuvre,* and fish, and sweets, and savouries don't any of them count as a course, I daresay even such of the *perfides Anglais* who venture to visit the Ritz or the Café de Paris or other noted tourist resorts won't do *very* much worse than usual, what?

WITH August over and done with (for eleven months) there is a General Post sort of game being played here in London, with the visitors from Maine Street, Rubeville, Pa., and Beccles returning to the homes of their fathers, and the first batch, battalion or bunch of dyed-in-the-wool Londoners are already back. Even if things are still a bit quiet here in town compared to the full blare and bustle of the Little Season, there's lots to be done, such, for instance and *par exemple,* as a visit to the Café de Paris or the Piccadilly, or perchance a dinner or supper-dance at the down-by-the-river Riviera Club. Which last place, I hear, is shortly to burst out in a new blaze of glory after a "wash-and-brush-up," with all sorts of alterations, including a really first-rate, extra special band.

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE.

"Like Mr. Selfridge's lift girls"

Golf Stars and Their Courses

THE GODS OF THE HEATH

By DELL LEIGH

Walton Heath to the unknown man with the piffling little car, and the long handicap, and the short purse, is a terrifying place. Firstly because it is one of the most famous courses in England—and the longer a man's handicap the more ardent his desire to play on a "big" course—and secondly because you are liable, if you are not terribly careful, to drive into a very famous man off every tee on either of the two courses that seem to a stranger to lie, not side by side, but the one in among the other. Famous men literally swarm down here. I don't mean fame necessarily from the "out in 36 and home in 34" point of view—although there are plenty of those wandering about. But the sort of people like the one who accosted me the other day down there, thus :—

I was shedding jumpers in the dressing room, coping unsuccessfully with my usual nervous depression before a stiff match, and feeling I was a fool to have said I would play the blighter level on his own course, when a cheery gentleman entered and greeted me in a markedly friendly manner.

"Ah, good morning, good morning, how are *you?* Gorgeous day, isn't it? Hope you'll enjoy your round—well, there we are: yes." I am afraid I answered in the churlish way of all nervous men, saying to myself, "Who on earth is *that?* Don't know him from Adam." He was ahead of me going to the first tee, and I asked my caddie for enlightenment. "That's the Bishop of London, sir. Nice, friendly gent, 'e is."

On another occasion on the Heath I itched to drive during a hold up on a tee. "You mustn't go yet, sir," was the frenzied warning from the caddie, "if you 'it it you'll 'it *'im.*" "Who's him, anyway?"

"That's Lord Reading in front there—'im in the bunker." [Sensation!] A pal of mine visiting the Heath one day with me, leant a huge bag of clubs carelessly against a dressing-room locker and flung a big motor coat on top. He found subsequently that he had put a barrage over the locker of "The Right Hon. D. Lloyd George"—and the thought shook him horribly!

The gods of Finance, the Press, the Stage, Politics, and the Peerage assemble here. There is an air of wealth about the whole business of the day which does not exactly add to your peace of mind if you come down in a rattling £170 two-seater, which you have bought second-hand on the instalment plan. But the actual golf, if you can forget your own miserable banking account, is glorious. Walton Heath reminds me more than any other in England of some of the best inland Scotch courses. Can one say more than that?

The actual terrain is what is known as "common land." It is said that any man can play over the course, if he insists on such foolhardiness, without payment, so long as he does not use the greens, which the gods have built, paid for, and "taken over" unto themselves. Apart from the drabness of a round of golf without one's usual three putts on all the greens, one day's golf during a week-end at Walton will prove to you that although we are said to be a nation of brave men, the super-man who is willing thus to flirt with catastrophe does not appear on the skyline here with any frequency.

A double page in colour of Walton Heath Golf Club and some members is to be found on pages 484 and 485.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

TAKING BRIDGE TOO SERIOUSLY

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

To see the funny side of Bridge is not given to all of us. I don't think it is an exaggeration to say that most players of the game take it and themselves far too seriously. You have only to enter any club card-room to realise the fact.

There is a tense and electric atmosphere of concentration. Most of the players seem to be suffering terribly. There is ghostly stillness for a time, broken suddenly by a babel of voices raised in expostulation, explanation, or execration. It is as though their lives were at stake, and, strangely enough, in my experience, the smaller the stakes the greater the gloom and seriousness.

There are places where I dare not laugh. Often I am bubbling over with merriment inside which I try to conceal, because I know that any manifestation of it will cause offence. If you smile you are supposed to be superciliously laughing at your opponents or partner, or chortling over your success. It is not safe in certain company to indulge in the most innocent jest. It is misunderstood. You must not be frivolous, because you upset somebody or other and put him off his game.

You must sit like a mute at a funeral.

Bridge as played at most clubs is a standing example of how sadly we take our pleasures.

. . . . . .

The fact is, the game has now become so highly organised and technical that the player is on tenterhooks constantly whether he is doing the right thing. What with freak bids, informatory doubles, and big pre-emptive calls, he often does not know whether he is standing on his head or his heels.

According to Epicurus, prolonged pain is rather pleasant than otherwise. Acute pain, provided the degree of the acuteness is sufficient, may be a pleasure, and I have come to the conclusion that the sensations some players feel at the Bridge-table are of this kind. I often think that we are not sufficiently grateful to Charles the Sixth, or whatever other lunatic invented playing-cards, for having limited himself to four suits.

He might have devised six—but the idea is too horrible!

. . . . . .

I have lately been chortling over a little red book published in New York by Wynne Ferguson entitled "Auction Bridge, 1926." Wynne Ferguson is a writer with a lively sense of humour, whose admirers say that he could rewrite the annual report of the sergeant-of-arms of a home for paralytics and make it an interesting and amusing document. Some of his humour is too definitely American to appeal to us, but, even so, there is plenty to make one laugh. It is good to be able to laugh and learn at the same time, and the instruction given in the book is all the more valuable because of the racy form in which it is conveyed.

"Don't strain yourself," he writes, "trying to learn this game. Don't overtrain. It is not as serious as all that. Don't get the idea that you are getting all set to play with the elect—first-class A players. They probably wouldn't play with you, anyhow, even if you got the chance."

. . . . . .

Of the slow player he writes :—"Isn't it an abominable practice for players to sit and sit and imagine they are thinking, when there's only one possible play of the hand? What on earth can these birds be thinking about, unless they have family troubles. Does anybody know?"

"Are you a hard loser? Do you wail and weep and gnash your teeth when your partner makes a bad play? If you suffer with this complaint, here's a chance to take a cure. Go to the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem. A visit there ought to be good for you. Many of the forefathers of New York's active population have found wailing there efficacious and satisfactory, or the wall would have been torn down long ago."

"Don't criticise your wife or argue with her under any circumstances. Try to remember that she doesn't want you as a partner anyway, and plays with you only on account of the family finances."

"When you play with strangers carry your revolver where the strangers can see it, and even then it is advisable to bid very carefully."

The man who doesn't smoke them -hasn't tried them

The "TWIN TEN" packing keeps the second ten in good order while you smoke the first

20 *for* **1/-**

PLAIN
or
CORK TIPS

It is correct to ask for "Three Threes"

Some Daily Diversions i

LORD AND LADY DUNEDIN

THE PRIME MINISTER AND MRS. BALDWIN

MRS. JAMES AND LADY HORNE

THE COMTESSE DE SALVERTE

MRS. LILY CONVERSE

Photographs Alfieri and E. Navello

A round with the camera on the golf links and at the "source" of Aix-les-Bains. In spite of the counter attractions of the m

the Sunshine at Aix-les-Bains

LADY LAWFORD, THE MAHARAJAH AND MAHARANEE OF KAPURTHALA AND LT.-GEN. SIR SIDNEY LAWFORD

MR. CARLOS HORTIZ BASUALDO AND MRS. BASUALDO FORMERLY MISS LEONORA HUGHES

Photographs

MR. CLIFFORD TURNER (left), MR. CZARVASY AND LORD CHARLES MONTAGU

Alfieri and E. Navello

SIR BANISTER FLETCHER AND MR. W. L. CROLL

this Continental resort attracts its yearly company of visitors, among whom the Prime Minister and Mrs. Baldwin are regular members

HUNTING & POLO

By A. W. COATEN

THE WINNERS *Alfieri*

The Hillmorton team, who beat Arthingworth Hall in the final round of the Nimrod Vase Tournament at Arthingworth Hall, in Leicestershire, by 11 goals to 2½. The photograph shows Mr. T. Catton (left), Mr. C. Balding, Mr. W. Balding and Mr. D. J. Allenby

A Sad Affair

A GLOOM was thrown over the Deauville season, especially the polo section of it, by the lamentable fatal accident to Mr. Henry Herman Harjes. He took a bad fall while playing in a match for the Pulitzer Cup. His pony rolled over him and kicked him on the head, with the result that Mr. Harjes was taken from the ground unconscious and died some hours later. He was one of the most prominent figures in French polo, and his death is a genuine loss to the game on the Continent. Although more than fifty years old, Mr. Harjes never missed a Deauville tournament if he could help it, and he was also a familiar figure on the polo grounds near Cannes. In the world of finance he was a force to be reckoned with, and his passing has left a great gap in Parisian sporting, social, and business circles. Until this deplorable accident the present season had known very few really serious mishaps in the galloping game.

With the Hounds

THIS is the time of year when polo people and hundreds of other folk are beginning to turn their thoughts to the hunting field. It is good to know that the harvest has been a bumper one in many parts of the country, and, thanks to favourable weather conditions, there will be little delay in getting to work among the cubs. Already a number of packs have started their educational campaign. These include the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds, which have found a plentiful supply of cubs in all places visited by them so far. The Duke, who, like his father before him, is a most able huntsman as well as a popular M.F.H., tells me that the prospects in his country are excellent. From other quarters reports are in the same strain, though we have sincerely to hope that the bogy of foot-and-mouth disease, which has so badly interfered with sport with hounds in recent years, will be non-existent this time. Several hunts which rely on visitors for the season for the bulk of their subscriptions have found it difficult to make both ends meet, owing to the falling-off in support which has followed wholesale interruptions of sport. In the coming season a complete respite from this trouble is needed.

How Matters Stand

I AM afraid that the industrial upheavals through which we have been passing, arising mainly from the prolonged closure of the coal mines, will not be without their effect on the financial side of hunting. Certain followers of the chase may have to cut down their hunting expenditure, and so subscription lists will suffer. Perhaps I am exaggerating this side of hunting prospects. Anyway, it can only be a passing phase, and I am convinced that at heart fox-hunting is as popular as ever it was. A good deal of land is still changing hands in the shires, as in other less favoured regions, but there is no reason to suppose that the new occupiers are less well disposed towards the sport than were their predecessors. The most difficult question to be faced seems to be that of finance, expenses still having an upward tendency.

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

St. Leger Favourite

I WAS glad to learn from Fred Darling last week that all is well with Coronach, and he hopes to take this great colt in excellent fettle to Doncaster. I gathered from the Beckhampton trainer that he is sanguine of the Derby winner's ability to stay the St. Leger course, and in these circumstances the chances are that Coronach will remain a raging favourite for the last of the classic events. The assurance of his well-being was interesting in view of the fact that several of the Beckhampton horses have lately been amiss. The trouble has taken the form of something resembling a cold in the head. Fortunately, the best colt in the stable has escaped the mischief, and there can be no mistaking the trainer's hopefulness in his prospects of being the first three-year-old to win the Doncaster St. Leger as well as the Epsom Derby since Rock Sand. For my part I believe Lord Woolavington's colt will find a really formidable antagonist in Lancegaye, who has evidently come on a lot since distinguishing himself at Epsom.

The Ebor

IN picking Seradella as the probable winner of the Ebor Handicap I made a bold selection, as the filly stood at 25 to 1 at the time I wrote last week's notes. There was a moment in the race, little more than a furlong from home, when I was under the impression that the coup was going to be landed. Seradella was in front at the time. But Pons Asinorum came along with an irresistible rush and headed her about a dozen strides from the judge's box. Perhaps if that smart young jockey J. Marshall had been more patient and delayed his finishing effort a little longer the filly would have prevailed. Although disappointed by her failure, I do not withhold my sincere admiration of the winner's performance. Pons Asinorum has splendid speed as well as stamina, and has proved himself one of the most versatile horses in training. Mr. Solly Joel was happily inspired when he bought the colt just before he ran in the Cambridgeshire last autumn. I do not know the precise sum paid for him, but it is certain that Pons Asinorum is worth a good deal more to-day than the amount which his present owner gave for him. I expect he will have his next outing in the Doncaster Cup, and he will want much beating in that race if Solario is not in the field. I understand Sir John Rutherford is not likely to run his champion on the Town Moor, though the point had not been finally settled up to the time of writing.

York Incidents

ALL the way through the York Meeting yielded most interesting sport. The race for the Nunthorpe Sweepstakes was worth going a long way to see. Highborn II equalled the best time that has ever been done on the course, but he seemed to be all out to beat Waterval, while Moti Mahal was by no means disgraced. I think Highborn II is something more than a mere sprinter, and I shall not be surprised if he is trained for the Cambridgeshire. I was glad to see Dian win her race on the second day of the meeting. I have affectionate recollections of her dam, Diadem, and I am sure that this two-year-old has inherited much of her gameness. She appears to be improving each time she runs, and I look on her as being a good filly to follow. At the same time I do not overlook the fact that Prestissimo was decidedly unlucky in Dian's race, for he got all the worst of a moderate start. The defeat of Short Story by Doushka was one of the biggest surprises of the week. I consider that the Manton filly was caught on an off day, and I am prepared to see her show that the form was all wrong.

At Manchester

WILL Mr. S. B. Joel follow his success at York by carrying off the Prince Edward Handicap at Manchester on Saturday with Glommen? Although he has 9st. on his back I do not think the Goodwood Cup winner has a great deal to beat. Tournesol was hardly at his best last week and may improve, but the chances certainly seem to favour **Glommen**. The Palatine Nursery on Friday may be won by **Parsee**.

EVERY MORNING

REMEMBER THIS WHEN YOU'RE AWAY

ENO KEEPS YOU FIT ALL DAY!

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LET'S HAVE A SHOW

HOW TO DO IT

By "THE KENNELMAN"

WHAT with Manchester's lead in the matter of laying out grounds and premises on regular race-course plans for the display of the "mechanical hare" style of coursing—a most interesting innovation—the development of privately arranged race meetings for Whippets, matches and trials of all kinds, and—most useful and interesting of all—competitions designed to test and demonstrate the results of Dog-training, for patrol, police, guard, herding, and other kinds of work; what with all this, in addition to twelve or fourteen hundred Dog Shows in the year, and the usual amount of hunting, beagling, Hound trailing, and Gun-Dog work, it is undeniable that Dogs have of late come to play a far more prominent part in the country's life than ever before. The come-by-chance mongrel and homeless stray are still, unfortunately, with us, and in distressingly large numbers—an evil and danger that cry aloud for gradual mitigation and ultimate removal—but there's no denying the immense post-war increase in intelligent Dog-fancying, or the consequent improvement and increase in the finest sort of pedigree British Dogs, or the growth of general public interest in them.

One result is that quite a number of doggy folk who never before thought of it have of late been moved to suggest that it would be rather jolly to get up a local Dog Show; and the last thing The Kennelman would wish to do would be to discourage any such inclination. It undoubtedly *is* a "rather jolly" thing to do, and can be extremely interesting for all concerned. But the necessary *banderbast* is not quite so simple as one or two correspondents evidently think it. There's rather more *to* it than to the tea-table arrangement of a rag or a Cinderella for the same evening or the next day. Thus, albeit much against the grain, the writer has been obliged to reply a bit dampingly to such enquiries as:—"Some of us would like to get up a Dog Show here, say, about the middle of next week. Please give a few tips as to how best to set about it." The fact is it can't successfully be wangled on quite such impromptu lines as that.

A prime consideration is this: A Dog exhibited at a Show in no way authorised (Licence or Sanction) by the Kennel Club, is disqualified for exhibition at a *pucca* Show, and so is his exhibitor. That's that; and, once understood, it excludes the most of what's worth having from the impromptu local function. This really means that the idea ought to precede the event by a couple of months or so, because K.C. recognition demands a minimum of thirty days' notice, entries must close at least five days before the Show, and quite a lot of minor preliminaries require attention. A nuisance Mmm, yes; but really necessary, because Dog Shows generally would lose the most important part of their value if half of 'em were haphazard, outside discipline, and generally not according to Cocker.

The first step to take is to form a Show Committee, and elect a Chairman and Secretary. (Choose your Secretary with care, and stick to him. His signature, as well as his personality, is pivotal.) Immediately, then, let the Secretary apply to the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, with dates and full particulars. Schedule and entry forms must be of sealed pattern orthodoxy. "Licence" Shows must open not later than 2 p.m., and "Sanction" Shows must *not* open before 5 p.m., or an hour and a half earlier if held on Saturday, or an early closing day. The only lesser kind known to the writer comes under the head of "Exemption Shows or Classes," which means an authorised Show of not more than four classes, included in the programme of an Agricultural or Horticultural Show, a Fête, or the like. This is the simplest kind of Dog exhibition to arrange. Full details can be obtained from the Secretary of the K.C. It's really an excellent way of introducing the Dog Show as an institution in any district not already possessed of one; and it gives its promoters just the practice wanted to bring them success in a more ambitious effort, say, during the following year; besides being a sort of test of local doggy interest and enterprise.

DAN, A COCKER PUPPY

By AUDREY MARTINEAU

Little black nose to go poking and sniffing,
Little black tail to wag madly in joy,
Four little feet to go scampering madly
Over the meadows, my little black boy.

Over the meadows, you little black devil,
Ears flapping wildly and heart all agog;
There in the bracken the rabbits are feeding:
That is the place for a little black dog.

Straight to their burrows with white tails aflying—
Puppy feet scamper, but cannot catch up—
Rabbits are swift as the wings of the morning,
Not to be caught by a little black pup.

Come along, Dan, for the day grows aweary,
The sun has gone down and the sky turns to grey:
Little black devil, come home with your mistress,
Never a rabbit for puppy to-day.

Back to the welcoming lights of the homestead;
Curled in a ball by the bright, blazing log,
Chasing celestial bunnies through dreamland—
That is the place for a little black dog.

In Full Cry!

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Your truly conscientious water diviner never misses an opportunity of testing his powers

"Accordingly, as the Provost Tristan rode up with his patrol on one side of the little hill . . . four or five Scottish Archers came as hastily up on the other. . . .

"...Lesley showed none of that indifference towards his nephew of which Quentin had in his heart accused him; for he no sooner saw his comrade and Durward standing upon their defence than he exclaimed 'Cunningham, I thank thee. Gentlemen . . . . Lindesay—Guthrie—Tyrie, draw and strike in'!"

QUENTIN DURWARD, BY SIR WALTER SCOTT

The independent spirit—from its refusal to be trodden under, one might call it a thistle-spirit—of Scotland was as much in evidence at the court of Louis XI as it was a hundred and fifty years later in the ranks of the "Scotch Dutch." To-day, there is another, a kinder, spirit of Scotland which is well worth your attention. And that is Black & White. Quentin Durward was pure Scotch. So is Black & White.

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DAINTY CRÊPE DE CHINE DIRECTOIRE CAMI KNICKER

NEW Directoire Cami Knicker (*as sketch*) in pure silk crêpe de Chine, long straight bodice finished top with ecru lace, knicker trimmed above knee with contrasting colour hemstitched together.
In all colours, also black and white.

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MOTOR NOTES

WE have now entered the merry month of September, one of the best motoring months of the year. True, the days are shortening and there is a greater use for lighting sets, but the conditions for motoring in this month are usually very good. Many take their holidays in September to avoid the rush and crowdedness of August, and those who are motorists will find similar improved conditions on the roads.

***

SPEAKING of roads reminds me that there will be a big International Road Congress at Milan this month. Among other subjects of vital interest to motorists, a British delegation will present a report on concrete roads. Many advantages are claimed for this type of road, among them an ideal running surface, durability, dustlessness, and an easily cleaned surface, good visibility at night, a surface impervious to changes of temperature, small camber required, and easily obtainable materials. Disadvantages are lack of resilience, glare in sunshine, lengthy time for repair, and need for great care in construction. It is interesting to record that there are about 40,000 miles of concrete highways in the U.S.A. and only 500 in Great Britain.

***

THE 200-mile race of the Junior Car Club at Brooklands on September 25th should be a most successful affair. A total of 43 entries has been received, divided among three classes. The famous Talbots are among the competitors, while in the 1,100 c.c. class are a trio of supercharged Salmsons, one of which has already demonstrated at Brooklands a colossal speed for its engine size. Among the spectators, the number of which may constitute a record, will be the Australian cricket team as guests of the J.C.C.

CRICKETERS OFF DUTY

Three members of the Australian eleven photographed outside the Hotel Cecil. The car is one of the fleet of Austins which took the team to and from the Oval during the final Test Match

***

THE Duke of York's Trophy is the most important motor-boat prize offered in this country. The competition is an international one, and this year the Trophy was won by Great Britain. For next year a new course will be decided, as the one this year, between Putney and Kew, on the Thames, was found to be unsuitable owing to driftwood and other floating wreckage interfering with the working of the propellers. This change will be regretted by Londoners, as these 1½-litre boats at speed presented a thrilling spectacle.

***

THE Alvis 1927 programme can be summarised by saying that generally there is no alteration in prices, but that in the 1927 models the excellent performance of the cars will be still further enhanced and many detailed improvements will be incorporated. The coachwork has been still further improved in design and brought into line with the latest ideas of smartness. The equipment of the complete cars has been increased,

(*Continued on page 512*)

13/6

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When I go out into the country, walking *or* motoring, I really *do* go out. I take my lunch with me. It's so easy. A packet of Rowntree's Plain York Chocolate is not only delightful, but it's nourishing enough to turn a biscuit into a meal.

It's real sterling chocolate, and there's one thing about it which appeals to a plain man like me, and that is, it breaks so easily into handy little chunks, just the right size to bite on. Try Plain York yourself. A generous ½ lb. cake is only 1/-.

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while the four-seater cars will carry a folding rear screen. The four-door saloon has been reduced in price by £45, the chassis price of all models being £400. The two-seater sports model contains several improvements, and is guaranteed to attain at least 80 m.p.h. The new models are now available, and full particulars can be obtained from the Alvis Car and Engineering Co., Ltd., of Coventry, or from their accredited agents.

***

THE secretary of the A.A. writes me calling my attention to a thoughtless act on the part of motorists which often causes confusion, congestion, and possibly danger. This act consists in pulling up at cross-roads in front of police officers on point duty to ask the way. A better plan is to pull into the near side kerb, alight, and proceed on foot to the point duty officer.

***

NUMEROUS complaints have been received concerning the parking of cars on private property at Hayling Island. The owners have now provided a car park, with attendant, at a charge of 1s. per car. Some motorists, however, refuse to remove their cars from other private property to this park, and in future proceedings will be taken against such offenders.

IN the past development in the motor industry was so rapid that radical changes in the design and construction of a car had been necessary each year, and the new models were distinct from the old. At present, however, there is a distinct trend towards continuous improvement and the elimination of yearly models. In conjunction with this elimination of radical change, the price also is becoming standardised; thus the purchaser is in a better position.

THE STAR AND THE CAR

Miss Nonnie Taylor, the well-known cinema actress who is starring in British films. The car is one of the very attractive A.C. models

THE Royal Air Force is not given to chanting its own praises any more than the other services, but because few detailed accounts of its achievements appear in the Press in peace time it does not mean that its routine flights are not as sensational in their way as any of the much-heralded civilian undertakings. A great deal of quiet pioneer work is carried out at the big Air Force centres, and the "motor" side of aviation is constantly being made the subject of experiments. Two flying boats of the R.A.F., for instance, recently carried out a round flight from Plymouth to Egypt and Cyprus. Under the command of Squadron-Leader G. E. Livock they covered a distance of nearly 7,000 miles. Standard supermarine "Southampton" flying boats were used, each carrying a crew of four and a full service load. The machines were each fitted with two Napier Lion engines, and the fact that no trouble whatsoever was experienced either with the aircraft or engines speaks for itself. Napier engines were also used for the recent Cairo-Cape Town flight. The selection of the Napier engine by the R.A.F. for these two important flights is significant as indicating the high opinion of the Napier Lion held by the Service, and the meritorious work of these engines justifies that opinion.

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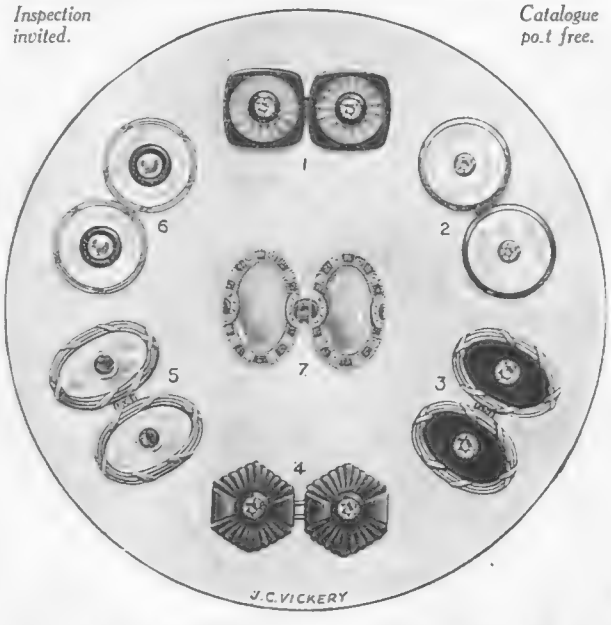

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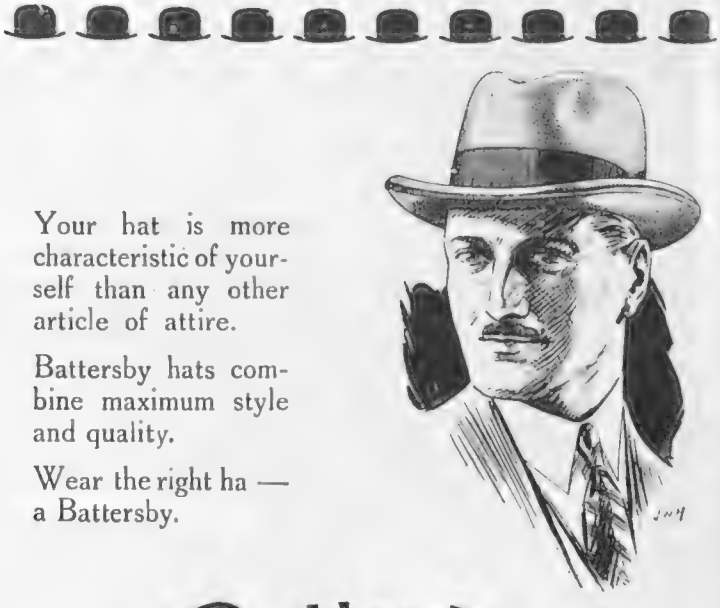

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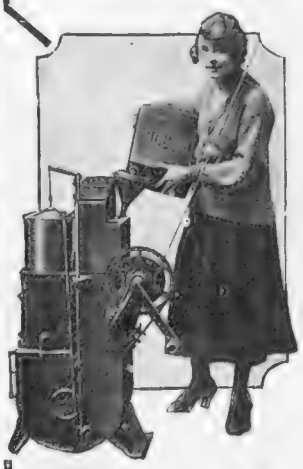

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ORIENTAL POPPY BUISSON

An Eastern Perfume of mystic and irresistible charm!

This elusive fragrant perfume has also been incorporated in Soap, Bath Salts and other Articles of the Toilet.

Prices: 1/-, 1/6, 2/6, 3/-, 4/6, 5/3, 10/- and upwards, per bottle.

Oriental Poppy Perfume, Oriental Poppy Soap, etc., are stocked by all the leading Chemists and Stores in the United Kingdom.

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Announcement of the Proprietors:—W. J. Bush & Co., Ltd., Ash Grove, Hackney, London, E.8.

Nature's way to perfect health!

The regular use of Burrow's MALVERN Table Waters will ensure you a clean, wholesome and invigorated system.

Burrow's MALVERN Waters are British throughout and are guaranteed to be the genuine natural Spring Waters of the world-famed St. Ann's Well, Malvern Hills, free from chemical preservatives, powerful in health-giving, eliminative and dietetic values.

Always drink BURROW'S STILL MALVERN (Alpha Brand), and 'MALVERNIA' SPARKLING TABLE WATERS, ideal with Whisky.

Prices and analysis from Dept. J.

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MALVERN TABLE WATERS

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HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

If you suffer from ASTHMA, CATARRH or ORDINARY COLDS.

Buy a tin to-day at your chemists

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"Vio-Ray" High-Frequency Electricity is magic in the way it rejuvenates, ensures health, beauty and charm. Fully recognised by nerve, beauty, and hair specialists. Extensively used in cases of rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Complete, 55/-; for use with wireless accumulator 77/6. "As simple to use as a hair brush."

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The day starts well that starts with a

KROPP

A sharp blade and a soothing shave with a Kropp that never wants grinding

In case, black handle 10/6 ivory handle, 18/-.

From all hairdressers, cutlers stores, etc.

Send postcard for a copy of "Shaver's Kit," Booklet No. 107.

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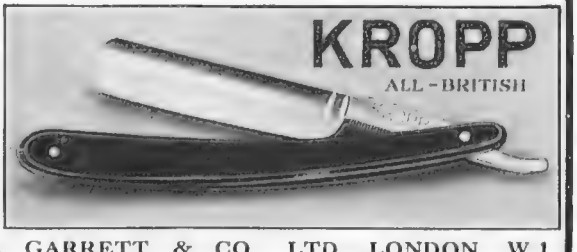

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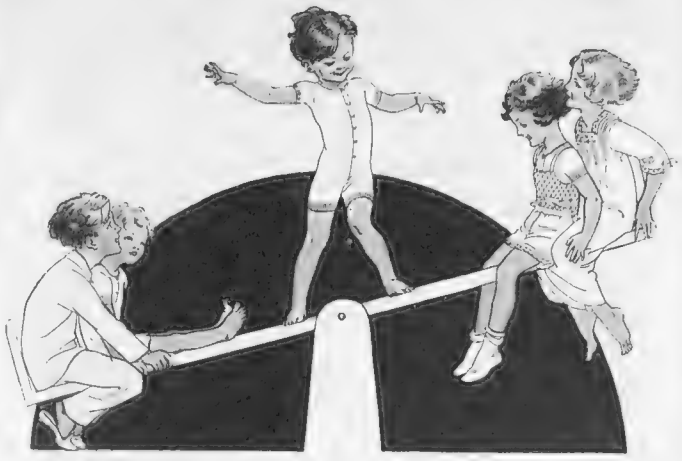

Those who have not yet completed their children's winter school outfits will be well advised to examine without delay our fresh supplies of Chilprufe Underwear.

CHILPRUFE for CHILDREN

Regd.

As their name implies, these splendidly finished garments are expressly designed to cope with a risk which school life involves. But far from suggesting "stuffiness" or restraint, they permit that feeling of ease and litheness which is so important in early years. And however your children may enter into their sports, this fine Pure Wool underwear will continue to serve them well for a very long period—its smooth, uniquely "silky" feel unaffected.

Whatever types or sizes of garments you may need, our stock will be found to include. But an early call in our Children's Underclothing departments is necessary to avoid any disappointment or delay.

Enquire for the NEW ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

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LIMITED,

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WONDERFUL VALUE IN SILK CRÊPE DE CHINE HAND MADE LINGERIE

In order to keep our workers fully employed during the between seasons, we have produced the attractive Lingerie Set illustrated. The garments are made from pure silk crêpe de Chine entirely by hand, and are of exceptional value.

CRÊPE DE CHINE HAND MADE NIGHTDRESS, V neck and sleeveless design edged with fine scalloped lace. In pink, sky, mauve, yellow, cyclamen, green and ivory.

SPECIAL PRICE **29/6**

Chemise to match.....25/9
Knickers to match.....25/9

In heavy quality pure silk Milanese. In pink, ivory, coral, peach, blue, mauve, cyclamen, and green.

Nightdress.....49/6
Chemise to match.....39/6
Knickers to match.....39/6

LACE BOUDOIR CAP with wings trimmed ribbon and posies.....21/9

Sent on approval.

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HATS of Character and Reputation

A HAT without the maker's name in it is like an unsigned picture. *The maker's* name, mind you—not just a name. You will find *a* name in almost any hat, but it is only in the best British make of hats that *the* name appears.

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Agents throughout the Kingdom.

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Shampoo	2	0
Cut, Singe & Shampoo	3	6
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THE perfection of a woman's hair is often the very keynote of her beauty.

At the Salons of Phyllis Earle may be obtained that comfortable assurance of satisfaction that none but the most skilled hairdressers minister to the precise exactitudes of a lady's coiffure.

Permanent Waving

Full Head **£5 : 5 : 0**

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"Standard" Songs

"A PERFECT DAY"

"When you come to the end of a Perfect Day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay,
For the joy that the day has brought."

This is an American song, written and composed by Carrie Jacobs-Bond, and it had an instantaneous success in this country. The happiest day in your life will be when you can sit down and review your acts with the knowledge that on that day you made your future secure, provided for your dependants and protected them and yourself against all the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune by means of a Life Assurance Policy. To crown the Perfect Day you need a perfect Policy, and that Policy is the "*ACME*," the highest point in the development of Life Assurance, and issued by

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Its principal features are:

A Guaranteed Sum from the outset.
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It's Safe — HENNA

Applied at and obtainable from all Hairdressers.

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HINDES HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, **2/6** or direct:—

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ORIGINAL SPORTS

JUMPER

SPORTS Jumper (*as sketch*) made in the well-known sildick crêpe in two-tone stripes with narrow white line, cut on simple lines and perfectly tailored. In bois-de-rose, tan, mauve, rose, black/white, green/beige, blue/beige.

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Outsizes **4**/- extra.

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Rugs
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In lovely shades of Rich Silk Pile Pure Camel Hair Pile & Velour Pile
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at the Best Shops & Dealers

A WORLD TOUR OF DISTINCTION
Visiting CEYLON, SIAM, MALAYA, JAVA, CHINA, MANCHURIA, KOREA, JAPAN, and CANADA.
Leaving London December 31.

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Visiting AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, NEW ZEALAND, SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, HONOLULU, CANADA, and AMERICA.
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Descriptive Itinerary (of either Tour) upon application to Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I., F.A.G.S., Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

Of all Chemists and Hairdressers.

Take your Cure *at home*
JUST a small wineglassful each morning of Rubinat-Llorach, the Pyrenean natural medicinal water, and you secure in your own home all the beneficial effects of the most health-giving spa.
RUBINAT-LLORACH
NATURAL APERIENT WATER
is far richer in valuable medicinal properties than any other known natural water. Of great value in cases of Gout, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Stomach, Liver and Kidney trouble.
Prices: 1/6, 2/3 and 3/6. *Of all good Chemists and Stores, or from*
EVERETT & CO., 109 Fenchurch Street, E.C.3

"How topping! Bird's Custard and Fruit Salad!"

When you are hot after enjoyable games, or come tired to meals, there is every good reason for choosing Bird's Custard and Fruit—(1) It is very appetising. (2) It is perfectly safe to eat when one is overheated or feeling slack. (3) It is easy to digest. (4) It is very nutritious. *And last, but not least, Bird's Custard and Fruit while nice enough for anybody, is inexpensive enough for everybody.*

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outrivals fresh cream and has none of its dangers. It blends perfectly with all kinds of stewed fruit. The scientific measure of its great goodness is that Bird's enriches the food-value of milk by 25 %.

A SAVE-TROUBLE HINT! Prepare Bird's Custard in the morning before you go out. It will be set, cool and refreshing against your return. Then, served with stewed or tinned fruit, you have ready a most delicious dish.

Tricolour pkts., 1½d.; silvered boxes, 6½d. and 1/-; tins, 1/3½

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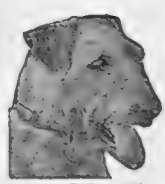
MACASSAR OIL
for the HAIR

No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d., 21s. sizes by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and A. ROWLAND & SON, LTD., London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Best protection against burglars.
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From 10 Gns., Pups 5 Gns.
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Sumptuously redecorated. Many new features, including magnificent new Dancing Hall, Music by Sextette of the famous Savoy Orpheans. Excellent Cuisine under the supervision of a Chef from the Savoy Hotel, London. Bath, Electric and Violet Ray Treatment under the supervision of Resident Physician. Splendid Motor Accommodation, including 20 lock-ups. Recreations:—Golf, Tennis, Croquet, Fishing on Loch and Stream, and Boating.
TERMS ON APPLICATION.
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"Soirée perfume is adorable. I am usually very fastidious about scent, but Soirée has a subtle delicate fragrance—not too strong, but lingering—which appeals to me very much."

Dorothy Tellby

Crême, Poudre de Riz and Poudre Compacte are now obtainable in this new series—all fragrant with Parfum Soirée, an exquisite phantasy perfume of Parisian origin, so that Madame may now delight in the triple harmony of her toilet requisites.

Crême Soirée	*2/6*
Parfum Soirée	*12/6*
Poudre Compacte Soirée	*1/6*
Poudre de Riz Soirée	*2/3*

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NEW VELOUR HATS

Ground Floor Millinery Department.

ATTRACTIVE SOFT HAT, a copy of a Descat model, in satin finished velour, with brim which can be turned up or down. In many good colours. PRICE **69/6**

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ORIGINAL AND DISTINCTIVE GEORGETTE TEA DANCE FROCK

"HILARY"

Charming Tea Dance Frock composed of good quality georgette over a self slip and having the silk fringe hand knotted on to the garment which also appears on the long stoles at back. In all colours and black.

SPECIAL PRICE

£5 19 6

Outsize 21/- extra.

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W.1

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Completion of a Notable Site

AFTER six years' rebuilding operations Peter Robinson's fine establishment at Oxford Circus is now finished, an epoch marked by the opening of the eastern wing, an addition of the highest interest and importance to the male sex, since it is entirely given over to men's and boys' clothing requirements, from the smallest to the largest item. The firm observe the same rule as in the western building by ignoring low-grade articles. Should a man require an overcoat or ready-to-wear suit at five, six, or seven guineas, he can confidently rely upon getting a really good, well-tailored garment here; and for a pound or two more, clothes made to measure will be found of equally satisfactory value in every way.

Boys of all ages are catered for, from the little chap in his first trousers, through the preparatory school period to public schools. Peter Robinson are on the authorised list of about two hundred schools, so it is easy to understand how two floors of the new building are given over to boys. The firm never have (and, one surmises, never will) specialised in sales and job lines. Their policy is an all-the-year round one of sound value. And the main reason why the prices are so moderate is due to the fact that for many years a portion of the trade profits have been retained in the business, consequently the costly rebuilding necessary has largely been paid out of income. It must not be overlooked that, in addition to men's and boys' clothing, travelling requisites, etc., this eastern extension includes the newest and probably the best-equipped men's hairdressing department in the West End. Catalogues devoted to the above-named wares have just been issued and can be sent post free on application.

Fashion's Forecast

THE ripples on the surface of the dress world grow in dimension every week. One reads and hears, if lucky, first hand, of wonderful clothes and modes being worn at Deauville. Albeit in summer guise, these denote the coming new silhouette, the vogue obtaining for quilting and smocking, a further revival—really determined this time—for ostrich-feather trimmings and collars, and the marked feeling there is for black and white; all hints worthy of storing up for the coming autumn and winter. There are, too, distinct signs of skirts being worn longer, especially in the evening, when dipping draperies, sloping and uneven hems, assist subtly towards the end. The little girl in the street will have the sole monopoly of the above-the-knee *jupe*, if she persists in wearing that extraordinarily ugly and unbecoming length. A noted French actress renowned for her clothes has skirts just to the ankles. It is impossible to hope for elegance with the new *blousé* normal waist bodice allied to a full, very short skirt; the latter must touch the calf of the leg.

Chance for the Picture Frock

THE new version of this, however, in no wise resembles the familiar *robe de style*, with its long *bouffant* skirt and slim, straight corsage; nor is it any longer necessarily of taffetas. A notable example of the fresh version seen was carried out in black and white lace mounted over flesh-pink. The bodice of black lace having a flat tucker of the white defining the V-shaped *décolletage* and slightly *blousé* over a straight bend of silver *lamé*, the white *dentelle* again appearing in the guise of a deep, all-round yoke at the top of the skirt, this, front and back, drifting off into a narrow panel, the black lace being mounted at the sides to emphasise the yoke effect.

Chiffon velvet is being heavily plumped for in the cause of evening dress, and should lend itself readily to the picture frock; as also to slim, graceful draped effects, in gowns cut *en princesse*, and just a trifle *blousé* about the waist. An advance model after the latter mode was in peach-coloured velvet that had a silvery hue. It had an embroidery up the front in a delicate tapering design of rhinestones, the one side draperies resolving into the so popular short fish train. Another of these all-in-one gowns shown to me was carried out in black *crêpe georgette*. This had long double wing draperies one side, the front that sloped off into pointed ends almost touching the ground. A deep swathe of the *georgette* coming from the other side, and drawn down in close folds beneath a handsome *strass* ornament, *strass* shoulder straps holding up the straight corsage. It is to be remarked how the *vraie élégante* possessed of magnificent jewels is affecting the all-black or all-white evening toilette to show these off to their best perfection. Sapphires and emeralds are the most favoured stones, mingled with diamonds, the coloured stones of immense size, square or round, and

A BECOMING TEA-GOWN

An original tea-gown of sea-green crêpe de Chine with Chinese sleeves of *ecru* lace. The back panel is bloused at the waist in accordance with the prevailing fashion

Original design by Helen Havers

ART IN INDUSTRY

The magnificent new premises of Messrs. Peter Robinson which have reached completion. They are at Oxford Circus

weirdly cut, the delicate, scarcely perceptible mounts adding much to the attraction.

The Colour Card

AN insistent question at the opening of every fresh season is as to the colours to be worn. The question can be answered here as to the colours which are going to be the most popular during the coming season. Without actually dislodging beiges and browns, the many who are frankly weary of these nuances will only too gladly welcome the change to wine reds, rich burgundy, plum, prune, and wallflower red or brown, whichever tone predominates to warrant the style and distinction. Of paramount importance is navy blue, a colour hitherto more favoured in the spring than the autumn. This, combined with Indian red, beige, *bois de rose*, or grey—for those who can wear the latter trying tone under dull autumn skies—is marked by all the best *couturières*.

BOTTLED FRAGRANCE

For over 216 years the "Original and Genuine" Eau de Cologne has been in constant and popular demand and has been supplied by Special Appointments to every Royal Court in Europe. It is easily recognised by the signature "Johann Marina Farina" on its bottles

THE PHILIPS ARGENTA LAMP

A Bright Subject

The modern gas-filled lamp is being more and more used for domestic, office, shop and factory lighting, being both economical and reliable. The latest developments in the art of lamp making are incorporated in the Philips gas-filled lamp, which, when used with indirect or semi-indirect fittings, gives excellent results, but owing to its clear glass bulb it should not be used with the filament exposed to the naked eye. When this is necessary the Philips Argenta Lamp will be found excellent. The bulb is made of pure opal glass with an internal film of clear crystal glass, the light being perfectly diffused. The Philips Savelite is an ideal lamp for corridors, nurseries, passages, etc., when the ordinary lamp is too brilliant.

An Emperor's Carpet

Art connoisseurs and collectors will have an opportunity until September 8 of seeing one of the world's historical carpets at the showrooms of Messrs. Cardinal & Harford, of High Holborn, who have recently acquired it from the Austrian Government. The carpet, which is valued at a sum in the neighbourhood of £100,000, and is in a perfect state of preservation, measures 25ft. by 11ft., and has a beautiful design and colour scheme. It was originally woven to the order of the Shah Safi at Ispahan in 1550, and was later conferred as a gift upon Peter the Great, who in 1698 presented it to the Emperor Leopold of Austria. It was thus saved from confiscation with the rest of the Russian Imperial treasures.

Round the World Tours

Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I., F.A.G.S., the well-known travel authority, has just published from Australia House a descriptive itinerary of his world tours, leaving London on November 19 and December 31 respectively. The world tour leaving London on November 19 will be conducted by Mr. W. G. Caird, who has actively assisted in the organisation of Mr. Gray's tours since their inception. Melbourne, Tasmania, New Zealand, the South Sea Islands, Honolulu, the Rocky Mountains, and New York are only some of the places and countries visited. Mr. Gray is personally conducting a special tour to the Far East, leaving London on December 31. This is to be the last tour which Mr. Gray will personally conduct, and the places selected to be visited are Java, China, Manchuria, Korea, Japan, and Canada. A copy of the illustrated descriptive itinerary of these tours may be obtained from Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

"Hoyo de Monterrey"
HAVANA CIGARS
Expensive-but preferred
HOYO DE MONTERREY de JOSE GENER HABANA
Obtainable from all high-class Tobacconists and Stores.

4 ft. Carved Oak Buffet Sideboard, filled two drawers and three cupboards 4 ft. high

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in the World; convenient, commodious and of excellent design; the prices at which they are marked represent unequalled value
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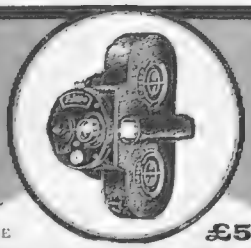

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BELL-HOWELL FILMO
For taking Living Pictures by just pressing a button. Illustrated booklet free.
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And at 47, Berkeley Street, W.1, next door to Thos. Cook's Travel Agency.

SUMMERTIME BEAUTY
On the river, on the tennis courts, everywhere where out-of-doors pleasure is the order of the day, the girl who is universally admired is she of the unflushed cool complexion who looks as fresh after strenuous effort as though she had just left her toilet table.
BEETHAM'S La-rola
is the secret of her charm. She uses it regularly on hands, neck, face and arms, before and after exposure to hot sunlight. So she preserves that delicate, peach-like bloom, unmarred by redness and peeling—the admiration and envy of all her friends.
From all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, 1/6
THE COMPLEXION *will be greatly improved by using LA-ROLA TOILET POWDER,* 2/6 *per box, and a touch of LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM,* 1/- *per box, which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell they are artificial.*
M. BEETHAM & SON,
CHELTENHAM SPA, ENGLAND.

FREE
10 Day Tube
Send Coupon

Like Lost Pearls

Teeth clouded with the dingy film that ordinary brushing won't remove

UNKNOWN to yourself, you are probably hiding the gleam and clearness of your teeth beneath a dingy film coat—but that now you can easily remove. A coating that ordinary washing won't combat successfully.

In a few days you can make a great difference in the colour of your teeth. Can literally change your whole appearance. Can restore "off-colour" teeth to gleaming beauty. Can firm your gums and give them healthy, natural colour.

Hidden by film

Dental science now tells us that scores of tooth and gum troubles have a potential origin in a film that forms on teeth. Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay.

Now new methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt. Send the coupon. Clip it now.

TRADE MARK **Pepsodent**

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice

10-Day Tube Free

2142

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name .....

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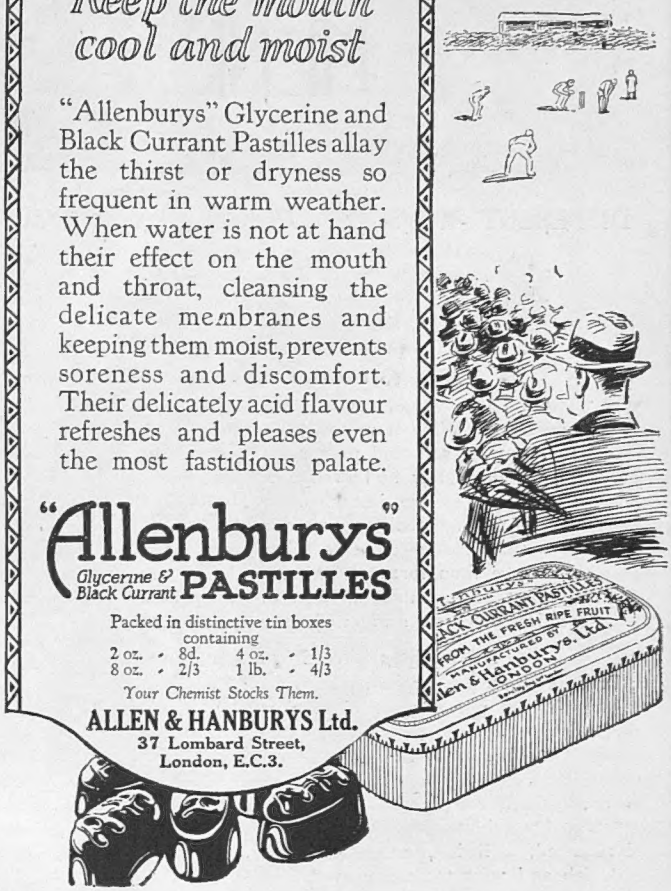
Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

Bystander, 1/9/26

Keep the mouth cool and moist

"Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles allay the thirst or dryness so frequent in warm weather. When water is not at hand their effect on the mouth and throat, cleansing the delicate membranes and keeping them moist, prevents soreness and discomfort. Their delicately acid flavour refreshes and pleases even the most fastidious palate.



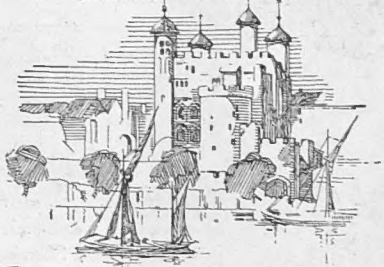
"Allenburys" *Glycerine & Black Currant* **PASTILLES**

Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing
2 oz. - 8d. 4 oz. - 1/3
8 oz. - 2/3 1 lb. - 4/3

Your Chemist Stocks Them.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

Erasmic Old London Lavender



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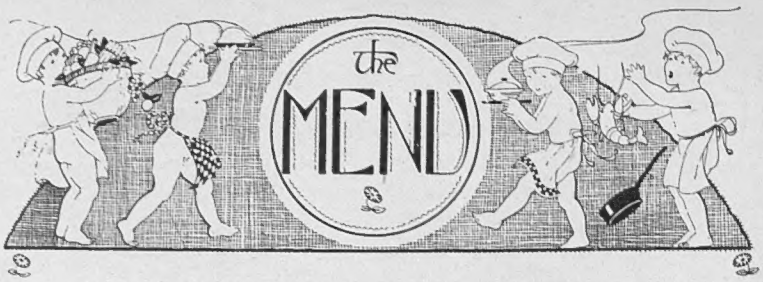

DIFFERENT WAYS OF COOKING PARTRIDGES

How to Cook a Partridge.
Partridges with Piquante Sauce.
Broiled Partridges.
Partridge Salad.
Partridges à l'Italienne.

How to Cook a Partridge

Wash the bird in cold water in which a little soda has been dissolved. Wipe it perfectly dry and rub it thoroughly inside and out with salt and pepper. Then rub the outside of the bird with warm butter and dredge it with flour. This forms a paste that keeps in the juices. Before putting the bird in the oven, pour a quart of boiling water in the pan, place the bird on a rack, so that it stands out of the water, and roast in a quick oven, not more than forty-five minutes—less if the bird is small. After the first fifteen minutes, baste every ten minutes. Surround with breadcrumbs, and serve with gravy and bread-sauce.

Partridges with Piquante Sauce

Prepare three partridges as for roasting; wipe the insides, and into each bird put a spoonful of Spanish onion, which has been boiled in milk, chopped, and seasoned with pepper and salt. Simmer until perfectly tender—about an hour. Take out the birds, drain them, and keep them hot in another pan by the side of the stove; thicken the gravy, after having strained it, with brown *roux*, add a tablespoonful of port wine, a pinch of nutmeg, and, if required, a little more pepper and salt. Put the birds on a hot dish and pour the sauce over them.

Broiled Partridge

Divide and flatten the bird, season it with salt and pepper or cayenne, dip it into clarified butter, and then into very fine breadcrumbs, and take care that every part is equally covered; place over a very clear fire and broil it gently from twenty to thirty minutes. Send it to table with a brown mushroom sauce if for dinner, but if for a breakfast dish a good slice of butter, put on the moment it is taken off the grill, would be preferred.

Partridge Salad

Cut some cold roast partridges into neat pieces and let them marinade for an hour or two in a mixture of oil and vinegar, seasoned with salt, pepper, and some chopped tarragon. Then arrange the pieces of partridge in a salad-bowl, surround them with nicely shredded lettuce, and decorate the whole with hard-boiled eggs in quarters, sliced gherkins, and filleted anchovies. Sprinkle over all the mixture in which the partridges were marinaded.

Partridges à l'Italienne

Make a pint of thick frying batter and let it stand for two or three hours before it is required; then add to it a teacupful of tomatoes which have been peeled, freed from seeds and cut into small pieces, a teaspoonful of onion which has been scalded and chopped, a teaspoonful of minced parsley, and salt, pepper, and a little cayenne. Cut up two young partridges which have been lightly roasted, remove the skin, and flour them and coat them well with the batter, and fry in boiling fat. Serve with tomato sauce.

EMILIA.

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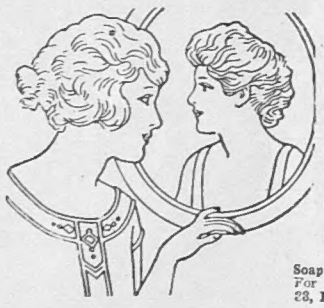

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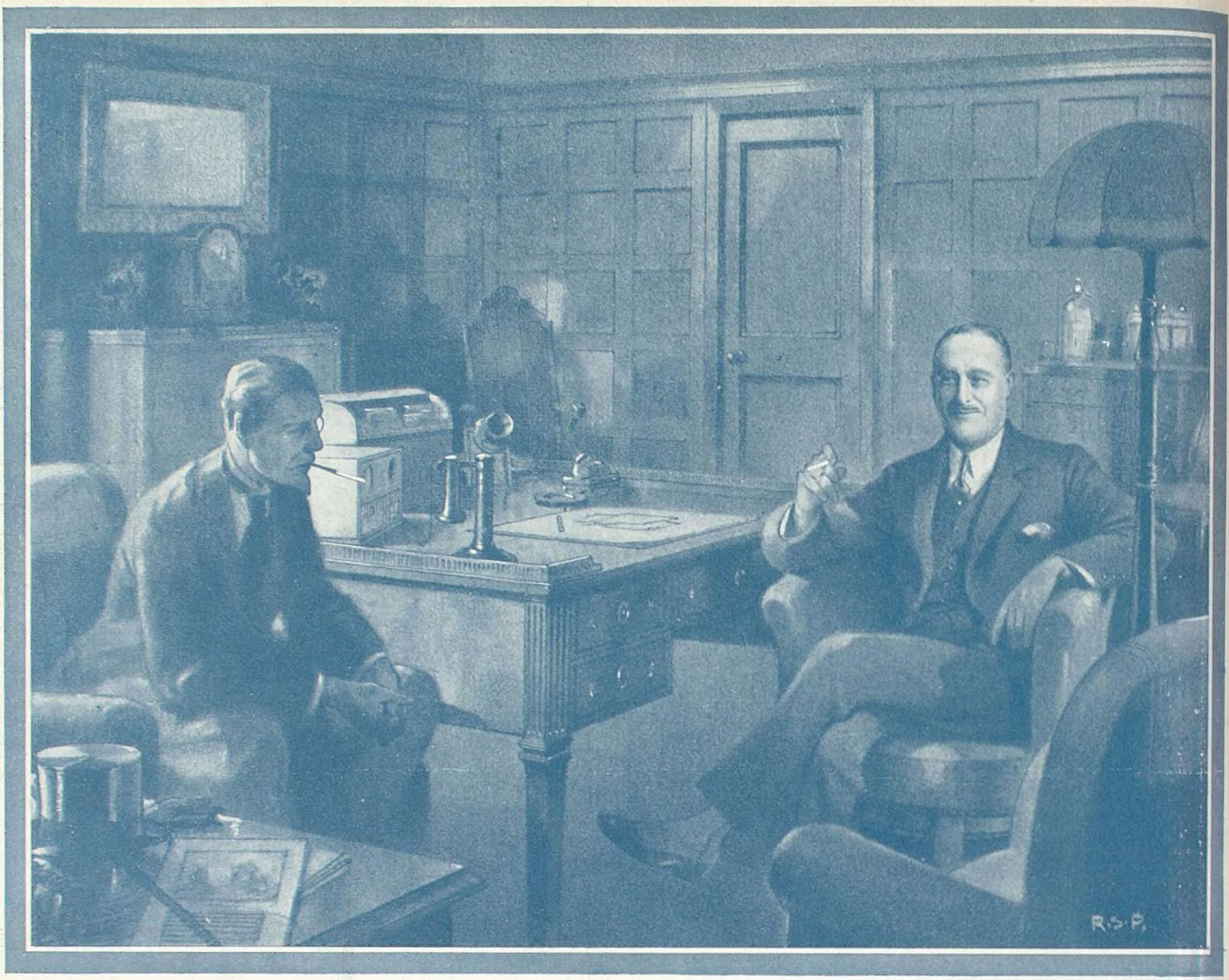

'Duggie' explains~

No. 1.

"Reliability"

Sir Edward : "I was with Major Drapling at Newmarket last Friday, when he wired you a pony each way 'Shady Girl.' He told me that he meant 'Gaiety Girl,' and was pleased to see that you credited him with £250 over that 8/1 winner."

Duggie : "It was quite correct, Sir Edward."

Sir Edward : "He's of the opinion that you've been over generous, and wondered how you interpreted his real intention."

Duggie : "Easily explained. 'Shady Girl' was not entered in any race that day. 'Gaiety Girl' was the only animal with a similar name. As you are aware, Sir Edward, in such cases I try to understand my client's real intention."

Sir Edward : "But the Major, talking the matter over with Lord Matcham, Chairman of Fromersall's Committee, and rightly considered an expert, was informed that if 'Gaiety Girl' had lost you'd have had no claim."

Duggie : "Perfectly true."

Sir Edward : "In that case, Stuart, aren't you laying yourself open to be taken advantage of by unscrupulous backers?"

Duggie : "I should be most reluctant to think any of my clients would take the slightest advantage of me. I hold the highest possible opinion of the British sportsman."

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Douglas Stuart

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